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THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 14, 1974

CIVIL RIGHTS
OLD VICTORIES, NEW BATTLES
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The Innocent Emperor
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Raymond Aron/'The Imperial Republic'
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LETTERS

grounded

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I had heard something about the carrying of "hot" (radioactive) cargo aboard passenger planes in this country, but the whole matter was laid out for me in "Dangerous Cargoes: The Airlines Play With Fire" by Thomas De Baggio [*The Nation*, June 15].

My work—I am a songwriter-singer—takes me all over the country and overseas. I have no record of my flying mileage, but I would estimate that I fly across this continent and back six or seven times a year—in the spring I will be flying to Australia for a two-months' tour.

In view of the information contained in this article, I intend to cut down drastically on flying, even though it means a sharp cut in my income and primary activity. The shameful indifference of the airlines to the health and safety of passengers and employees is part of the general direction of business in our country, and there must be a movement against it.

When I receive requests for appearances, I will explain why I cannot comply, and my audiences will know why I do not expect to return. *Malvina Reynolds*

the real cure

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In "The Politics of Food" [*The Nation*, Aug. 17], Jennifer Cross falls victim to a fallacy which is characteristic of many physicians and other scientists in late 20th-century America, in that what amounts to a sensible scientific critique of our eating habits does not take into account the *fundamental* sociogenic vectors behind the habits she decries.

The plain fact is that the excessive emphasis on meat (to say nothing of alcohol, tobacco and "snack foods") in our society is part of a pattern of consumption grounded in the attempt to satisfy basic but almost entirely frustrated needs. Most people work at boring and unfulfilling jobs under Procrustean conditions and, usually on a less than conscious level, recognize the lack of any true meaning and purpose in their lives. They compensate for this through largely mindless consumption—trying to find some reward by satisfying habituated and often grotesque urges. . . .

In sum, sane scientific practice, like humane and responsible technology, requires a superstructure of decent, humane and responsible *institutions*. Without those, all that so many of our scientists actually provide is an additional burden of guilt and obfuscation. *Alan Bahr*

conspiracy or stupidity

Brookline, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: One hesitates to criticize the writings of a person with whom one basically agrees. However, I found "The Managed Depression" [*The Nation*, Aug. 31] so dense in verbiage and chaotic in concept that had I not known its author was David Deitch, I would have sworn it was written by someone strung out on speed.

The main points may be quickly sketched: a basic ingredient of Western economies is trust that investments will lead to returns; when undermined, the services of financial dealers are increasingly drawn upon and their leverage in management increases; their skills . . . are inadequate and poor decisions are made for which others suffer.

Deitch obscures, rather than illuminates, these points by frequent hints of dark conspiracy: "the Fascist kernel of the 'co-participation' strategy," "the system must 'overprice' its goods," "the millions in India and the Sahel . . . will be discarded. . . ."

Like Mr. Deitch, I have little access to the elite of our business establishment, but what I have seen suggests that crude tactics, haste and stupidity more often cause its failures than controlled, diabolical cleverness. *Craig Bolon*

EDITORIALS

On the Merits

With Nixon's hasty departure for San Clemente, an impromptu consensus quickly jelled in Washington that the decision as to whether he should be prosecuted was best left to the Special Prosecutor. Politically the issue was radioactive and no one wanted to touch it. The new President and the leadership of both parties in Congress were quite willing to "let Jaworski decide." But of late some elements have had second thoughts on the matter —or, at any rate, thoughts that they are eager to communicate to Mr. Jaworski.

From San Clemente come mawkish stories about how Mr. Nixon is or might turn out to be "broke" and, in any case, is faced with a severe "cash-flow" problem. He is suffering grievous spiritual torment. He might have to dispose of one of the princely mansions on which the government has spent some $16 million for improvements. The "unindicted co-conspirator" has been busy on the phone, asking a few loyal friends in Congress whether they think the public wants "to pick the carcass." Hamilton Fish, Sr., and Clare Boothe Luce have spoken out, the first with a warning of dire consequences should Nixon be indicted, the second with a plea for mercy based on the curious assumption that Nixon is no worse than the rest of us. Vice President-designate Nelson Rockefeller—no doubt with President Ford's concurrence—has let it be known that he agrees with Senator Scott that there is no need for Nixon to be drawn and quartered.

President Ford does not look forward with enthusiasm to the upcoming (September 30th) trial of Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell, which will make headlines for weeks. Even less to his political taste is the trial of a former President, which would be the trial of the decade, if not the century. At the same time, Mr. Ford cannot risk even the appearance of intervening with the Special Prosecutor on Nixon's behalf. So he has firmly stated that Mr. Jaworski has an obligation to take whatever action he sees fit regarding "any and all individuals." And he has also said that he has "the final authority" and that he does not rule out a pardon for the ex-President. What this seems to imply is that Jaworski, if he thinks he must, should obtain an indictment (the grand jury, it should be remembered, named Nixon as "an unindicted co-conspirator" even before the latest tapes were available). This would ease Jaworski's problem and would partially satisfy those who feel Nixon should be prosecuted —a not inconsiderable percentage of the electorate, according to the polls. Then the President could pardon Nixon, even before a trial, and thereby honor what he must regard as both a personal and a political obligation. He could, of course, wait until the legal process has been concluded, but that would not dispose of what Ford must view as the trauma of a trial that for weeks and months would divert public attention from the activities of the new Administration.

So what seems to be going on is an elaborate exercise in communication by semaphore between Jaworski, the White House, San Clemente and the office of Herbert

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J. Miller, Jr., Nixon's latest and ablest lawyer. An "arrangement" of some kind—not a deal nor yet quite a bargain—seems to be in the offing.

Actually the correct position is that Mr. Jaworski should decide the issue on the merits. This is not a case where the so-called "prosecutorial prerogative"—that is, of not prosecuting for tactical reasons—can be properly invoked. Nixon's resignation closed the door on any plea-bargaining. Nor is it for Mr. Jaworski to determine if Nixon's "humiliation" constitutes sufficient punishment. Nor should Mr. Jaworski worry about the spectacle of a former President being sent to prison. He is not concerned with punishment or compassion or clemency. The President has said that he reserves the ultimate decision on clemency. And the possibility that Nixon might be acquitted, if indicted, say, for conspiring to obstruct justice, should not be a major concern. The report of the Judiciary Committee, concurred in by the ten Republican members, would make it difficult for Nixon to reverse the judgment of history even if he were acquitted. His resignation confirms the committee's report on the three articles of impeachment. Nor is there anything "political" per se about the issue of possible tax fraud; here the fraud, if any, was not related to the office he held. The public is not screaming that Nixon be drawn and quartered; no one wants to "pick the carcass." But it is imperative that the case against him, on all counts, be judged on the merits. The law should be permitted to take its course without any more pleas, threats or public pressures.

Time to Leave

Portugal's preparation to free its African colonies is a welcome departure from the customary disposition of empires to fight for possession to the last ditch. It may be regarded as a belated triumph of reason and necessity over brute force. In Guinea-Bissau, the smallest of the colonies and the poorest, independence, although not yet officially concluded, is already an accomplished fact. Guinea is recognized as a republic by eighty countries; Portugal will be the eighty-first. After thirteen years of futile warfare, the soldiers on both sides stopped fighting and if Lisbon now wished to renew hostilities, what would it do for an army? A Portuguese major sums it up: "The men who were fighting the war stopped it before the politicians did." They threw down their weapons and embraced, and Lisbon has promised to support Guinea's entry into the United Nations.

In Angola, much larger than Guinea and far to the south, there may be trouble, as there was in Zaire (the Congo) when the Belgians ended their reign of exploitation. Angola has 500,000 whites, as compared with 3,000 in Guinea, and 6 million blacks, with 250,000 mestizos. There are many reasons for expecting a stormy transition in Angola; one is that, by African standards, it is rich, so there is something to fight about when the Portuguese military leave. Relations between the races have been tolerably good, and many of the whites may stay. But there are three liberation movements and, as in French Algeria, white extremists will try to wreck Lisbon's policy of conciliation if they think they can get away with it.

Mozambique, on the east side of Africa, leads in popu-

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lation—220,000 whites, 60,000 Asians, 8 million blacks—and it too could become a trouble spot. It has only one liberation force, Frelimo, which makes the situation simpler for both the Portuguese and the majority of Mozambicans. The hazard in Mozambique is its proximity to South Africa, and the possibility that the whites might try to split off as an apartheid government. From Portugal to South Africa would be a poor exchange for those 8 million blacks; the Portuguese were never fanatical racists.

In general, colonial rule is a poor preparation for statehood, and while hoping for the best, we must not be disappointed if the transitions in one or more of the colonies do not go smoothly. American policy should take its cue from Amoge Mutembo, a militant pro-Frelimo black newspaper editor, who exhorted whites "to have patience with black Mozambicans, because we have not had much experience." And, as another Mozambican, Samuel Ihanga, said: "At last Africans can run their own country. But we don't want the whites to go. We need everybody."

There speaks a political realist. The citizens of the "advanced" nations, including our own, might well take a lesson from him.

Hope or Violence

Crime in the United States is on the increase, Attorney General Saxbe informs us, despite the billions of federal money spent in recent years to beef up the nation's police (most of that money has gone for armored cars, helicopters, electronic snooping devices and similar hardware, which do not bear very directly on the kind of crime that worries the citizenry). Crime may or may not be on the increase—statistics in that area are notoriously subject to manipulation—but what is unquestionably rising is the public's fear, not of crime per se but of violence.

What terrifies people especially is that, in incident after horrifying incident reported by the press and on the air, the violence seems to have been an appendage to the crime, or was itself the only crime. It is not necessary to cripple a man in order to rob him; rape is not essential to burglary. It seems that people today are being murdered or abominably injured merely because they are temptingly available. "Targets of opportunity," in the military phrase.

That, of course, makes the job of the police incomparably more difficult. They are not dealing with criminals in the traditional sense, lawbreakers who work according to some logic and can be tracked by some logic. Rather, it is as though violence were a natural condition, capable of striking anyone at any time. The police of the country's big cities admit that they cannot anticipate its attacks or seize its agents; a spokesman for the department in New York City has said that no one should walk across 42nd Street after eight in the evening, and 42nd Street is one of New York's principal arteries.

The situation is critical and the reactions to it are becoming more ugly; they are moving from fear to rage to fantasies of retaliation. One gauge of the popular mood is the reception now being enjoyed by *Death Wish,* the film in which Charles Bronson, his family destroyed by ghastly hoodlums, gets a gun and proceeds to exterminate the vermin of New York. The audiences love it: they've known the fear; they've dreamed of retaliation in kind; they cheer Bronson, the gentle avenger, as he stalks the city. And the picture says that he succeeds.

Which of course is a lie. Solitary executioners would not last a week, and if they ganged up into posses they would turn street violence into street warfare. The ultimate victims would be the public in whose name they operated. Nor would democracy last long under conditions of metropolitan guerrilla warfare.

What, then, do we do to save ourselves? Move in groups, stay home at night, buy a big dog, ride in taxis, bar the windows, chain the doors. Samuel Pepys used to hire a bully with a club when he was benighted in 17th-century London, and another Londoner, Anthony Greenback, has just published a book, *Survival in the City,* that is full of sensible advice—on the order of not standing under shade trees during a thunderstorm.

But violence, though people tend to treat it as such, is not a natural phenomenon; it is a social phenomenon. Unlike electrical storms, it will not blow over. It is, however, possible, if not easy, to alter the social situation so that violence abates and eventually disappears. We have had nearly eight years of "benign neglect"; the war in Vietnam has diverted attention from the civil rights movement, and now inflation has everyone staring into his own pocketbook. We are in a period of economic inflation matched only by a depression of morale. The perpetrators of violence are identified in various ways: they are young, they belong to minorities, they are school or job dropouts, they take drugs, they believe society owes them a handout, they are mentally unbalanced. The trouble with these categories is that they suggest no remedies—none of them, that is, except the last. The agents of violence are all mentally disturbed, if by that we mean that all of them have lost hope for a tolerable future. Deprive an individual of hope and he will strike out: some will strike themselves, some their families, some prominent symbols of success and power, and some will simply strike out for the momentary satisfaction of striking. Call it hate or call it mental disturbance—it is what we ought to be talking about.

The change cannot come overnight, and the advice being given on how not to die in the streets must be taken seriously. But, even more seriously, thought and money and work must be given to restoring a sense of reasonable hope in the land. Ours has been an industrial society, dedicated to profit and powered by consumption. It isn't an atmosphere that builds morale. We are now concerned with economic recovery; we need to be equally concerned with social recovery. Hope, too, is a civil right—probably it is the basic civil right.

Attica Aftermath

Attica was a massacre. Three years later, as the trials begin, it may be followed by a judicial lynching.

Instead of coming to the prison and trying to settle the outbreak peaceably, Governor Rockefeller sent a heavily armed force of National Guardsmen, State Police and so-called correction officers to retake the prison. On Septem-

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ber 13, 1971, this expeditionary force launched the assault, killing forty-three men, including hostages, and wounding hundreds. Rigged grand juries subsequently indicted sixty-one prisoners, alleging first-degree murder, attempted murder, first-degree kidnapping, assault, etc. No employees or officials of the state were indicted.

Wyoming County, in which Attica is situated, was so clearly inflamed against the Attica inmates that a change of venue to Buffalo's Erie County was granted. But this is no guarantee that justice will be done. In the intervening three years the state has spent $6 million in confinement and prosecution of the accused; the Attica Brothers Legal Defense (147 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N.Y. 14202) is entirely dependent on contributions. Erie County, while not as blatantly prejudiced as Wyoming County, is likewise tilted toward the prosecution. According to figures compiled by the Attica Defense, a typical Erie County juror is white, male and 50 years of age.

The pattern of discrimination is starkly revealed by a few ratios. Although women constitute 53 per cent of the population, less than 17 per cent are in the jury pool. Discrimination against the young is even worse: of the age group 21 to 29, comprising nearly 21 per cent of the population, only 3.4 per cent are in the pool. Race discrimination: 8.4 per cent of the Erie County population are blacks, but only 5.5 per cent are in the pool.

The ratio is reversed for the elderly, who are more likely to identify the state with justice. Of the 13.8 per cent 60-to-69 population, 16.3 per cent are eligible for jury duty. Retired persons are generally favored in jury selection, but in the 50-to-59 age group most are still vocationally active, yet their representation, 20 per cent in the general population, is 31.8 per cent in the jury pool.

The trials will presumably continue for months. It is a one-sided contest at best, but at least the elementary legal decencies should be observed. That depends on the judiciary, but it will help if the accused restrain their natural sense of outrage and behave in the courtroom with the dignity their cause calls for.

White House Press Conference

After two years of Watergate during which White House press conferences were infrequent, irregularly scheduled and often took on overtones that the correspondents did not desire but could not avoid, we are back, so to speak, to where we were. That is, to the conventional conference as it has shaped up since television. President Ford's first session with the press reflected an obvious improvement in tone; he likes the press and, for the moment, at least, the press likes him. But the format should be reconsidered. As matters stand, it is too easy for the President—this President or any other—to dominate the conference. Two years ago the press corps proposed that a committee of senior correspondents meet in advance of each session and select, say, six key questions that the committee agreed should be raised. These questions would then be assigned to particular correspondents and the President would be asked to recognize them before taking general questions. Each questioner would be allowed one follow-up question.

Admittedly, this is not an ideal arrangement, but it might be an improvement over the current free-for-alls. The press should of course be wary of any attempt to structure the conference in too formal a manner. Competition is necessary and unavoidable. Nor are "senior correspondents" always the best, brightest or most perceptive. But if the press conference is to serve as a kind of makeshift substitute for the question period in the House of Commons, some such arrangement should be tested to see if it can produce more substantial information. Too often much time is wasted in the scramble for recognition, key questions are not asked, follow-up questions are not asked and time is taken up with matters of intense interest to the residents of Muskogee, Okla. Both the President and the press have an obligation to experiment with the press conference procedures.

'Ideas Whose Time Has Come'

Or, more accurately, whose time has come in one or two places around the country—and there stopped. In a time when ideas, good and bad alike, spread with lightning speed, the good ideas always threaten a vested interest and run up against opposition, well-heeled and better organized than ever before. The feasibility of free urban mass transit has been demonstrated in Seattle (see p. 210) but its time does not seem to have come elsewhere. Another example is the Oregon "bottle law"; this one is particularly instructive because attempts have been made to emulate it in other parts of the country with scant success.

The Oregon measure was instituted in 1972, initially to reduce litter, although reduction in waste of materials and energy is perhaps as important. Oregon requires deposits on all beverage containers, bans detachable-tab cans and generally encourages container reuse or recycling. In the estimation of state officials and the Federal Environmental Protection Agency, it works. In the estimation of beverage and container manufacturers it's a nuisance and they have spared no effort to prevent it from spreading.

In Vermont they failed. The law has been in effect there for a little more than a year and, as in Oregon, it has sharply reduced litter and pleased farmers, who don't have to go over land bordering the roads picking up cans before planting. In South Dakota a bottle law is to go into effect on July 1, 1976. And that is about the extent, to date, of this idea whose time has come—but not if business opposition has its way.

The Oregon and Vermont laws, and the upcoming South Dakota law, all differ. In Oregon, a 5¢ deposit is required on bottles that are distinctive to one brand; on standard bottles that can be used interchangeably the deposit is only 2¢. That makes sense from a technical standpoint; standardization was being plugged at least as far back as the Presidency of Herbert Hoover. The original Vermont law lacked this feature and beer bottlers promptly increased prices by 40¢ to 50¢ a six-pack. Gov. Thomas P. Salmon accused the National Brewers Association of trying to sabotage the law. South Dakota proposes to ban nonreturnable or nonbiodegradable cans and bottles entirely, but, judging by the amount of lobbying and pressure that is being applied, this law is by no means in the bag; nor are any of the existing laws secure against future attack.

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Bottle laws have been defeated or shelved in Delaware, Virginia, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, New York, California, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee, West Virginia and Wyoming, according to a tabulation by *The New York Times*.

The stakes are high. William F. May, chairman of the American Can Company and a member of the board of directors of the *Times*, concedes that the litter situation in Oregon has improved, but, he estimates, at a cost of about $10 million a year in increased costs of beer and soft drinks. That, however, is only a drop in the bucket compared to the prospective business losses. About half of all the cans in the country are manufactured for beverages, and there is little or no prospect of making them reusable. Returnable bottles are reused about ten times on the average in Oregon, but they must be sturdier and cost twice as much to make. Both business interests and unions exert pressure on legislators. New York City's two remaining breweries and the soft-drink industry breathe dire threats of unemployment and there appears to be no chance of a bottle bill getting through the City Council; most of the members favor it on principle, but politically it is too hot for them. In Buffalo WBEN-TV ran an editorial favoring a bottle bill, whereupon several breweries canceled their advertising and told the station manager bluntly that it was in retaliation for the editorial. In Nebraska the "beverage lobby" took busloads of state legislators and public officials to a festive evening in Omaha and a few days later a measure similar to the one adopted in Oregon was killed in committee.

What emerges from all this contention is that local, and even state action, may prove ineffectual when a timely idea affects the whole nation. The only remedy is carefully considered federal action, and the sooner the better. Oregon has shown us the way, but it is only one state among fifty.

UNDERWRITING THE MULTINATIONALS

SOCIALISM FOR THE RICH

REP. LES ASPIN

Washington

OPIC, the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, is a sterling example of a program of socialism for the rich. It sells cut-rate insurance to multinational corporations to protect their overseas investments. Founded in 1969 as a so-called independent government corporation, OPIC now carries $9.1 billion worth of insurance to protect multinational corporations from foreign expropriation, revolution and war, and possible restriction on the convertibility of foreign currency into dollars. Expropriation insurance, which was previously administered by the Agency for International Development (AID), accounts for $3.3 billion of OPIC's insurance coverage.

OPIC is backed by the "full faith and credit of the government of the United States," which means that the American taxpayer conceivably could be asked to cough up the entire $3.3 billion if governments around the world suddenly decided to expropriate all insured OPIC investments. The American people could also be forced to pay the full $9.1 billion to ITT and others if all insured U.S. investments overseas were lost at one time.

A group of Senate and House conferees met recently to consider what should be done about this dubious insurance company. The Senate wanted to order a phase-out of all OPIC's expropriation insurance by 1979, turning it over to private hands, while the House sought only to encourage the phase-out. In the traditional spirit of compromise, the conferees did order the expropriation insurance ended by 1979, but with the caveat that the proposed dropping of OPIC insurance "will be reviewed in the light of OPIC's actual experience during 1975 through 1977."

OPIC claims that it is financially solvent and is a self-sustaining entity that should, in the future, cost the taxpayer nothing. Officials say the premiums and fees collected by the agency totaled $207.8 million and disbursements have been only $46.3 million, leaving an excess reserve fund of $161.5 million.

But the Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Western Hemisphere Affairs, of which Sen. Frank Church is chairman, reported last February to the full Senate that, "by ordinary financial standards, OPIC is on the brink of insolvency. If OPIC were a private insurance company, under generally accepted accounting principles it would have had to set aside a reserve against outstanding claims. This reserve would have likely reduced OPIC's available resources to a negative figure."

According to Church's subcommittee, if OPIC honestly calculated its total reserves, minus total outstanding claims, including a $92.5 million claim by ITT for its holdings in Chile and another $152 million claim by Anaconda Copper for expropriated Chilean mines, the corporation would be in the red to the tune of $227.4 million. Since OPIC is backed by the full faith and credit of the U.S. Government, that $227.4 million would come out of the taxpayers' hide to pay off such malevolent giants as ITT and Anaconda.

The reason why OPIC is in trouble politically, however, has little to do with its financial condition. Many conservative lawmakers, including Sen. Harry F. Byrd, Jr. (Ind., Va.), oppose OPIC because they think it wrong for the government to subsidize any insurance program. The conservative "less government the better" attitude is reinforced by many Congressmen who are tired of supporting any program that looks even remotely like "foreign aid." Now, this more traditional opposition is being

Les Aspin (D., Wis.) is a member of the House Armed Services Committee; he was an adviser to Robert S. McNamara when the latter was Secretary of Defense.

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reinforced by some liberals and radicals who view such programs more as a mechanism of U.S. political manipulation than as assistance to the impoverished masses.

Many labor-oriented members of Congress, such as Rep. John Dent (D., Pa.), have expressed concern that OPIC only accelerates the process of job exportation by making it safer for U.S. industry to move capital and operations overseas. The General Accounting Office, the Congressional watchdog agency, which studied OPIC for the Church subcommittee, found that OPIC never bothered to check whether certain insurance policies were being extended to so-called "runaway industries." For instance, the GAO investigators learned that "OPIC insurance coverage for investment in electronic industry includes a high percent of projects that are primarily exported to the United States." The U.S. taxpayer subsidized expropriation insurance for companies that manufactured TV sets, radios, phonographs and electronic components for eventual sale in the United States. These insurance policies take a double bite out of the American workers—they subsidize insurance with their tax money so that giant multinational corporations can export their jobs!

But of all the problems, the one that bothers the liberals the most is that OPIC insurance programs increase the likelihood that the United States will become embroiled in the internal affairs of the countries where OPIC policyholders have investments. OPIC's coverage of ITT and Anaconda in Chile is one example. Another is OPIC's $500 million insurance policy on various bauxite holdings in Jamaica.

Former U.S. Ambassador to Jamaica, Vincent De Roulet, admitted to Church's subcommittee that he felt a heightened responsibility to make sure that Jamaican Government policy was favorable toward the U.S.-owned bauxite industry, since OPIC had a $500 million commitment to Jamaica backed by the "full faith and credit of the United States."

DeRoulet frankly conceded to the subcommittee that in 1972 he attempted to convince the leaders of Jamaica's two leading parties not to make the 100 per cent ownership of Jamaica's bauxite and aluminum industry a key political question in parliamentary elections. DeRoulet approached centrist Michael Manley, the ultimate victor, to persuade him to keep the bauxite question out of the election. DeRoulet acknowledged that "I told him that I was prepared to give him my commitment as a gentleman . . . in exchange for these commitments from him . . . we would not, repeat not, interfere in his election in any way. . . ."

John M. McCoy, a former director of the CIA and a director of ITT, told Church's subcommittee that he cited the Treasury's liability via OPIC-insured investment in Chile as an important justification for intervention in the 1970 Chilean elections. Similarly, former U.S. Ambassador to Chile Edward Korry warned Washington that the perils of an Allende election included the high cost to the Treasury of any Chilean expropriation.

Jamaica and Chile are not isolated examples. Officials in Taiwan told a visiting Senate investigator that they believe that continued U.S. support was virtually guaranteed by the existence of OPIC-insured investments and the continued willingness of OPIC to underwrite U.S. economic ventures on the island.

One of the casualties of the debate over OPIC's future may have been the traditional assumption that overseas investment automatically helps a country to develop. Testimony on OPIC projects show that too often they have been aimed at capital intensive industries, when the development process would be better served by labor intensive enterprises which create jobs. Sean Gervasi, an economic consultant to the U.N., told the Church subcommittee that capital investments typified by OPIC-insured ventures tend to make the already rich in the less developed countries richer while the vast majority of the population sinks deeper into poverty.

Gervasi's assertion is substantiated by Robert S. McNamara, president of the World Bank, who told the U.N. conference on trade and development on April 14, 1972, that Brazil, a country which has attracted a large amount of foreign investment (much of it OPIC-insured), and achieved a high growth rate, has seen "the share of national income received by the poorest 40 per cent of the population decline from 10 per cent of the national income in 1960 to 8 per cent in 1970." At the same time the richest 5 per cent increased their share of the wealth from 29 per cent to 38 per cent of the national income. McNamara concluded that "throughout the decade the poorest 40 per cent of the population benefited only marginally" from massive foreign investment.

In addition to insuring multinational corporations' overseas investments, OPIC makes low-interest, so-called development loans for specific projects. OPIC has established a $40 million fund to make direct loans, with interest rates based on OPIC estimates of the risk involved and allowing five to fifteen years for repayment. In fiscal year 1973, OPIC made commitments on nine projects worth $14 million.

Surprisingly, one of OPIC's favorite ventures for direct development loans are luxury hotels. For instance, in 1971 OPIC floated a $415,000 loan to finance a new jet-set watering hole in Haiti. Haiti is Latin America's poorest country with a per capita income of $78 *per year*. Rooms at the hotel—the Habitation Le Clerc—cost $150 *per day*. So it seems the hotel will not be used much by the average Haitian and it is also doubtful that the project will benefit the overall economy very substantially. Profits will be almost entirely repatriated to the United States.

One recent visitor to Haiti reported that the hotel project was "another stupid error on the part of our government to aid underdeveloped countries." The late Harry Sions, a respected senior editor at Little, Brown & Co., who visited the new hotel last January, noted, "We had not imagined it could be so unwise, so insensitive to the real needs of the Haitian people. The place itself is outlandishly vulgar and almost defies description . . . the appeal to the so-called beautiful people, purple-passioned in concept and corny enough to embarrass any self-respecting American, much less anyone else."

Mr. Sions adds, "Let's forget about the service—which was dreadful; the food—which was atrocious; the cost—which was ridiculous; the location—which was one of the

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most slum-ridden and the most difficult to reach sections of Port-au-Prince. But most important seems to me is the cost of the hotel of $1.2 million, of which we were told 40 per cent was borne by the U.S. taxpayers."

In short, the whole OPIC program looks like a real stinker. This program of socialism for the rich merely increases the probability that the United States will become involved in the internal affairs of other countries while offering but marginal benefit to the vast majority of impoverished people living in the Third World. The government should not be an insurer of multinational corporations that operate overseas. The unhappy outcome of this policy has been little help for the poor abroad and more foreign policy headaches for us. □

THE INNOCENT EMPEROR

ETHIOPIA EXPLOITS ITSELF

JOSEPH S. MURPHY & TADESSE ARAYA

We pulled our Land Rover off the hard dirt road at the end of the fifth day of our journey through southern Ethiopia. An old lady invited us to enter the "tuqel," poured us each a gourd of mead and engaged us in conversation. "Where were we from? Who is the 'ferengi' (white man)?," she asked Tadesse. "What were we doing here and what did we want?" She knew vaguely that America was a large and powerful nation. She asked, turning to me, "Who is the emperor of America?" I replied, through Tadesse, that we had none; that our leaders were elected by the people, served for four or eight years and returned to everyday life upon the election of a successor. She thought a moment and said, "Ah, I see you have no emperor; you are like dogs."

Ethiopia, by contrast, is a nation because it has an Emperor. He rules by divine right, claiming descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and embodies the spirit and character of the Ethiopian people. He symbolizes the national sovereignty of Ethiopia and has protected the nation both from its internal forces of divisiveness and from external forces—either traditional enemies (Moslems to the west and north in the Sudan and to the east in Somalia) or novel enemies (ambitious European powers, especially Italy, but also the French, Americans and others). And he has made Ethiopia prominent in the world, a stable, independent, proud and progressing (if slowly) nation. This view of the Emperor and his role is not limited to an old countrywoman. It is, or was, shared by the vast majority of Ethiopia's 25 million people, and it reflects most moderately informed Westerners' perceptions of Ethiopia. His famous League of Nations speech of 1936, his presence at Kennedy's funeral, renewed by film clips rerun on television, and an extensive, expensive and international public relations program have enhanced this view of the Emperor.

As with most myths, there is some truth in it. Tefari Mekonnen, as the Emperor was called in childhood, came to power as Regent in 1916; thus he has reigned for close to sixty years. Very few Ethiopians can remember any other ruler. Longevity, systematic and brutal elimination of all competitors for power, the cunning manipulation of feudal landowners, military officers, civil servants and the Fathers of the Ethiopian Coptic Church have been the ingredients of that rule. In the process, these institutions—church, army, commerce, government and education—have become closed, corrupt, riddled with favoritism, nepotism and subtle barbarity. All power flowed from the Emperor. Ministers of government, often related directly or through marriage to the royal family (the most common and perhaps sole vehicle for upward social mobility), spent their lives at the palace, playing court politics, awaiting the Emperor's pleasure, and altogether unavailable to their moribund ministries. And although Ethiopia stood high on every list of infant mortality, illiteracy, disease and poverty, these chronic problems were obscured or noticed only as curiosities by a world preoccupied with the political independence of Western colonies in Africa.

The first event of the post-Italian occupation period that called Western attention to Ethiopia, hidden from the world behind beautiful and rugged mountains, was the temporarily successful *coup d'état* of 1960. The Emperor's stolid, unimaginative, not especially talented son, Asfa Wossen, manipulated by two brothers, Mengistu and Germame Neway, the former a general in the Imperial Body Guard, announced a "constitutional monarchy" when the Emperor was out of the country. He returned immediately and dealt swiftly with the coup. Germame was killed fighting, General Mengistu was executed and Asfa Wossen developed a series of physical ailments from which he has never fully recovered. Nor, incidentally, has he recovered his status as prime candidate for ascendency; his son, Zera-Yakob, was recently named heir apparent. It is widely believed in Ethiopia that were it not for the role played by the CIA in spiriting the Emperor back to Addis Ababa the coup would have succeeded.

During the next fourteen years no serious effort was made to unseat the Emperor. Indeed, it is generally assumed that the occasional attempts, all abortive, on his life were arranged by the Emperor himself as a lesson to those who might be tempted. And even today, when the Emperor has been stripped of virtually all his traditional powers by the usurping military groups, his personal security has been maintained and repeatedly guaranteed. At 84 (press accounts differ on his precise age, but he tends to celebrate the same birthday two years

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running), he still sits, a symbol of national sovereignty, in the Jubilee Palace, just recently renamed the National Palace by the Ethiopian military forces.

How has this come about? Why, given the nature of military coups, has he been permitted to remain, thus increasing the risk that revanchist groups and counter-revolutionary forces will use him as the symbol of return to the *status quo*? The most obvious explanation has already been briefly mentioned. For the Ethiopian population, the concepts of "Emperor" and "Nation" are synonymous, and the loyalty of the people to the nation implies loyalty to the Emperor. Therefore, anyone who touches his person, physically or rhetorically, is deemed to tamper with the very core of the nation. The young army officers who currently wield power in Ethiopia need the public support that results only from a show of respect to the Emperor.

A second explanation is the need to placate foreign interests, especially the United States. Since the 1950s, the United States has pursued a single, unambiguous policy in Ethiopia—order and stability in the horn of Africa, and the security of the American intelligence-gathering station at Asmara, Eritrea. The Emperor has been the keystone in this policy. But the station is now closed and the military assistance program has been slowing down.

The real answer, however, is more subtle and more central to modern political realities. Ethiopia is comprised of a multitude of distinctly different linguistic groups, and nationhood entails the difficult balancing of these groups within the context of an imposed national culture. Most Ethiopian officials, however, vehemently deny the existence of tribes in Ethiopia. The concept of "tribe," it is argued, does not apply, despite the obvious difference of status enjoyed by even the three most important and populous groups.

Many fewer than half of the Ethiopians are Amharas, but the Amhara influence is all-pervasive. The media use Amharic exclusively and it is the language of instruction in all schools from kindergarten to the sixth grade. (From seventh grade on, all teaching is in English.) The established church, Ethiopian Coptic Christian, is predominately Amharic and the economic, political and military resources of the nation are largely in Amhara hands. Control at the local level is maintained by Amhara police and paramilitary units throughout the empire, and although Tigreans and Gallas are among their ranks, these groups are represented as minorities in the officer corps.

The Tigreans, who are in second place, live primarily in the northern provinces of Tigre and Eritrea and share Semitic characteristics with the Amharas, though many, particularly in Eritrea, have become Moslems. There is resentment in Tigre against the Amhara hegemony, but it is muted. In Eritrea, a "war of liberation" has been going on since the early 1960s. Though the area is poor, largely barren and arid, the enterprise and energy of the people have created bearable if extremely difficult conditions of life. Opportunities for advancement in government have been limited, but commerce has provided outlets for their energy and Tigreans can be found throughout the empire as independent entrepreneurs and as employees of foreign and domestic corporations.

The largest, most exploited and depressed group are the Gallas. They are of Hamitic origin and live in rural areas widely dispersed through the central, western and southern tier of the empire. Their language cannot legally be printed. Though nominally Christians (and counted as such by the church which owns a large part of the land they inhabit and appropriates substantial portions of their meager crops), many are Moslem or animist.

Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)
Still the Central Power

There is no official acknowledgment of these groups. The Amhara principle seems to be that a proposition becomes real when it is acknowledged, and most Amharas will deny that the nation is anything but homogeneous. Nevertheless, there exists a seething, resentful frustration and anger among those who perceive that they have suffered at the hands of the Amhara rulers. However, the Emperor is not the object of these hostilities. The genius of the man seems to lie in the fact that his legitimacy transcends all groups; his accomplishment as a unifier of the nation and as the father of national unity cannot be minimized. The new civil and military leaders tacitly acknowledge the Emperor's status and importance, and that accounts for his continued presence, however defanged, on the Ethiopian scene.

What has happened in Ethiopia during the past eight months was a long time coming. It did not happen in the conventional middle-of-the-night military coup. Indeed, it started, and has been largely kept alive by the youth. Since the middle 1960s, Ethiopian students both at the university and at the prestigious Jesuit-run Tefari Mekonnen grammar school have generated spontaneous

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strikes on a constellation of issues, both local and international, which seem to have had one constant—none attacked the Emperor directly. Students demonstrated over the need for land reform, the American presence in Ethiopia, the war in Vietnam, rising living costs and school examinations. In the rural areas, although the early demonstrations were over less sophisticated issues—a cruel headmaster or what was perceived as an intolerably high failure on the national exams (passage of which guaranteed admission to the university, and failure to a subsistence existence)—in the past few years the issues have become more political and economic.

In 1969 the government finally responded in the only way it knew. Despite the fact that a tiny percentage of Ethiopians are literate and a fraction of that number attend the university, and although those who graduate comprise the whole of Ethiopia's pool of intellectuals, civil servants, professionals and technologists, the army simply shot them—killing, by one reliable account, twenty-six students and wounding many more.

What did not happen was still more significant. No outcry was heard in the foreign community; no parliamentary inquiries were proposed; the university faculty was never reported to have taken a stand; the civil service was silent; nothing official was said in the offices of the various ministries. But there was deep and profound shame among many Ethiopians in the coffee shops and bars of Addis Ababa. There was a slow tide of fury.

By 1972 Ethiopia felt the pinch of the world food shortage, the blocking of the Suez Canal, and the consistent failure of the rains in Tigre and Wollo provinces. Again students demonstrated, this time in the Addis Ababa market, forcing a reduction in prices of staples and threatening violence against merchants who refused. The "flu," as Ethiopians characteristically dubbed consequent developments, was contagious. Within a short time strikes and demonstrations were carried on in Addis Ababa by cab drivers, general service workers, Coptic priests and even prostitutes. There was now no restraint by the army. In fact, throughout the empire there were spontaneous demonstrations (seriatim, it seems, never simultaneously), led by sergeants and revolving around the questions of spiraling food costs and no increase in salaries. The Emperor responded by offering modest increments. Surprisingly, the military held out for more and when the Emperor granted the second request, the dike broke.

In the northern and central parts of Ethiopia, primarily in Tigre and Wollo, the rains had failed for at least three years. By 1972 and 1973, tens of thousands of peasants and nomads in these provinces had died of starvation. The former government, under Prime Minister Aklilu Habtewold, had kept this disaster secret from the public for quite some time. However, the resulting scarcity of food brought about the increase in prices to which workers and soldiers were responding. Though the government refused to acknowledge the food problem and the attending starvation in the countryside, some intellectuals commented publicly. Such a response was normally unheard of in Ethiopia and early public dissidents were swiftly suppressed. For example, shortly after he made a public and dispassionate analysis of the crisis situation in food, Prof. Mesfin Wolde Mariam was dismissed from Haile Selassie I University, despite his tenured status there, and after several days in detention was sent as governor to a remote section of a distant province. (It is noteworthy that parliament has just elected Professor Mesfin, a prominent independent intellectual and social critic, to the chairmanship of a select commission of inquiry to examine the events leading to the present situation. The commission consists of fifteen distinguished Ethiopians, some of whom are known to be quite independent and outspoken.)

The subsequent resignation of the government (His Imperial Majesty's Ministers) followed a well-established format. Whenever things go wrong, the Emperor was duped by his government, his own innocence being established *a priori*.

The new leadership, with Endalkachew as Prime Minister, represented the first major overhaul of the government since the 1960 coup. The new government—now an even newer one led by Lij Michael Imru—is to be comprised largely of liberal, progressive, Western-educated yet Ethiopia-oriented intellectuals and civil servants. Its task, first and foremost in the preservation of a consolidated nation, is land reform.

Though feudalism is generally thought to have been a traditional and historic system in Ethiopia, the development of feudal land-tenure forms is recent in some provincial areas. Indeed, there are more than thirty different land-tenure systems in Ethiopia, including (in Gojjam and Tigre) communal ownership. Haile Selassie encouraged feudal systems of land ownership early in the century as a device for consolidating his own power among the conflicting forces it was his purpose to unify. From this policy came the tolerance of incalculably vast church lands, the gifts of land to Rases (Princes) and local pretenders, the extended ownership of land by the royal family and its constellation of retainers, and the use of land grants as bribes and rewards for the civil service and senior army officers. Land was distributed to everyone except those who tilled the soil. The cost to the peasant for tilling the soil was established in some quarters, with blessings from the Emperor, at two-thirds to three-quarters of the value of the crop grown thereon. Chronic marginality was thus assured to the peasant but no surplus was produced. The failure of rains for a season or two left nothing on which to fall back. The shortcomings, therefore, of these forms of land ownership and use, apart from their inherent inhumanity, are the gross inefficiency in land use and agricultural productivity.

Potentially, Ethiopia is enormously rich. Its lands are, in some areas, sufficiently fertile and extensive to provide grain, if properly exploited, not only for itself but for all of Africa and/or a good slice of Europe. Capital to develop agro-industry is useful and necessary only if there is land reform. Under the present land-tax system there is greater incentive for large landholders to allow vast tracts of rich loam to be underutilized, inefficiently used, or to lie fallow.

For the new government and the new regime, the problem of land reform is essentially political. At the moment, the rich landlords are on the run. Ras Mesfin

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Sileshi, the most widely hated of the land-bloated masters, is under detention, as are some other of the more notorious landowners and feudal lords. But these men are the tip of the iceberg. The *system*, symbolized by a few of the better-known figures is essentially unchanged throughout the country. And as long as the system remains, the government will be precariously positioned between the counterrevolutionary forces (church, rural *"balabats"* and aristocrats) on the one hand, and the increasingly restive civil service, intellectuals, students, army officers and the great unknown—the vast rural peasantry. The new government of younger "Westernized" intellectuals and technocrats must now move rapidly to consolidate power and show willingness to alter Ethiopian society with a minimum of repression and a maximum of efficiency to meet immediate problems. But its longer term problem will be much more difficult. It must create new institutional forms the character of which will ultimately justify (or condemn) the current revolution. Unlike former colonialized, newly formed nations in Africa, Ethiopia cannot re-create itself conceptually by tearing asunder relationships with a white, European colonial master. Repression and exploitation in Ethiopia have been an Ethiopian affair. There is no one else to blame.

This circumstance leads to what we suspect is the greatest danger now. Ethiopia has been a politically repressed society. Moreover, Ethiopians are, in Western psychological terms, a repressed people—partly due to the nature of their Christianity and partly due to traditional cultural forms. The lid is now off. Should the killing begin, there will be no end to it. The principal constraint on civil war is the Ethiopian appreciation and fear of its own pent-up frustration and its perception that a precipitate release of that energy will destroy the nation.

Recent correspondence from Ethiopia indicates that the removal of Prime Minister Endalkachew, after a relatively short time in office, was initiated by impatient, lower-level military and air force officers who at the present don't seem to be ideologically committed but are exceedingly dissatisfied with the inefficiency and unresponsiveness of the civil authority to the current famine and related developmental issues. The appointment of Lij Michael Imru as Prime Minister is significant only insofar as it will probably be the last Prime Ministerial appointment linking the old aristocracy with Ethiopia's new order. Lij Michael is the son of one of Ethiopia's most distinguished heroes and he, although clearly a member of the aristocracy, is considered a Socialist. He will not have very much time to demonstrate to the military and to a lesser degree to Parliament that he is the man for the job. □

PARK'S DEMOCRACY

SOUTH KOREA DROPS THE FACADE

JIM STENTZEL

Tokyo

The Presidential campaign had been one of the liveliest since the word "democracy" entered the children's textbooks twenty-five years earlier. The incumbent President emphasized economic growth at whatever cost. The young opposition candidate appealed for better distribution of wealth. The President warned about the Communist threat and the need for national security. The opposition called for a reduction in the armed forces and abolition of the home reserve guards. The President wanted closer ties between Japan and the United States; his opponent sought a more flexible foreign policy leading toward national reunification, neutrality and independence. The President again warned that his opponent's policies showed evidence of Communist sympathies; the opposition candidate warned that "a generalissimo system might be established" by the President.

That was South Korea in April 1971. Nearly three and a half years later both men, President Park Chung Hee and opposition leader Kim Dae Jung are still in Seoul—by hook or crook. Fifty-six-year-old Park, still convinced that Kim is out to destroy him, had the South Korean CIA (KCIA) kidnap Kim from his Tokyo hotel room in August 1972. Bound and gagged, Kim was dragged to Seoul where he has been kept silent and recently brought to trial on four counts of election campaign slander. It seems that Park, today one of the world's most ruthless dictators, cannot forgive Kim for spilling the beans at home and abroad about the President's designs on power. For his part Kim, 48, is still convinced that Park is destroying Korea, trampling the people and their freedoms underfoot. When asked about the "generalissimo" statement at his trial, Kim said, yes, he had warned voters that a dictatorial system might be established. He then asked the judge, "What is the political system in South Korea today?"

Helped by an election eve promise that he would definitely retire in 1975, President Park won the battle (the 1971 election) but lost the war (the mandate he wanted in order to "institutionalize authority," as he called it). Not only did Kim receive 46 per cent of the popular vote but one month later his New Democratic Party took eighty-nine seats in the 204-seat National Assembly, thereby blocking Park from further constitutional amendments. (In 1969 the President's Democratic Republican Party had met late one night in the annex of the assembly building and rammed through an amendment permitting Park to run for a third term in 1971.)

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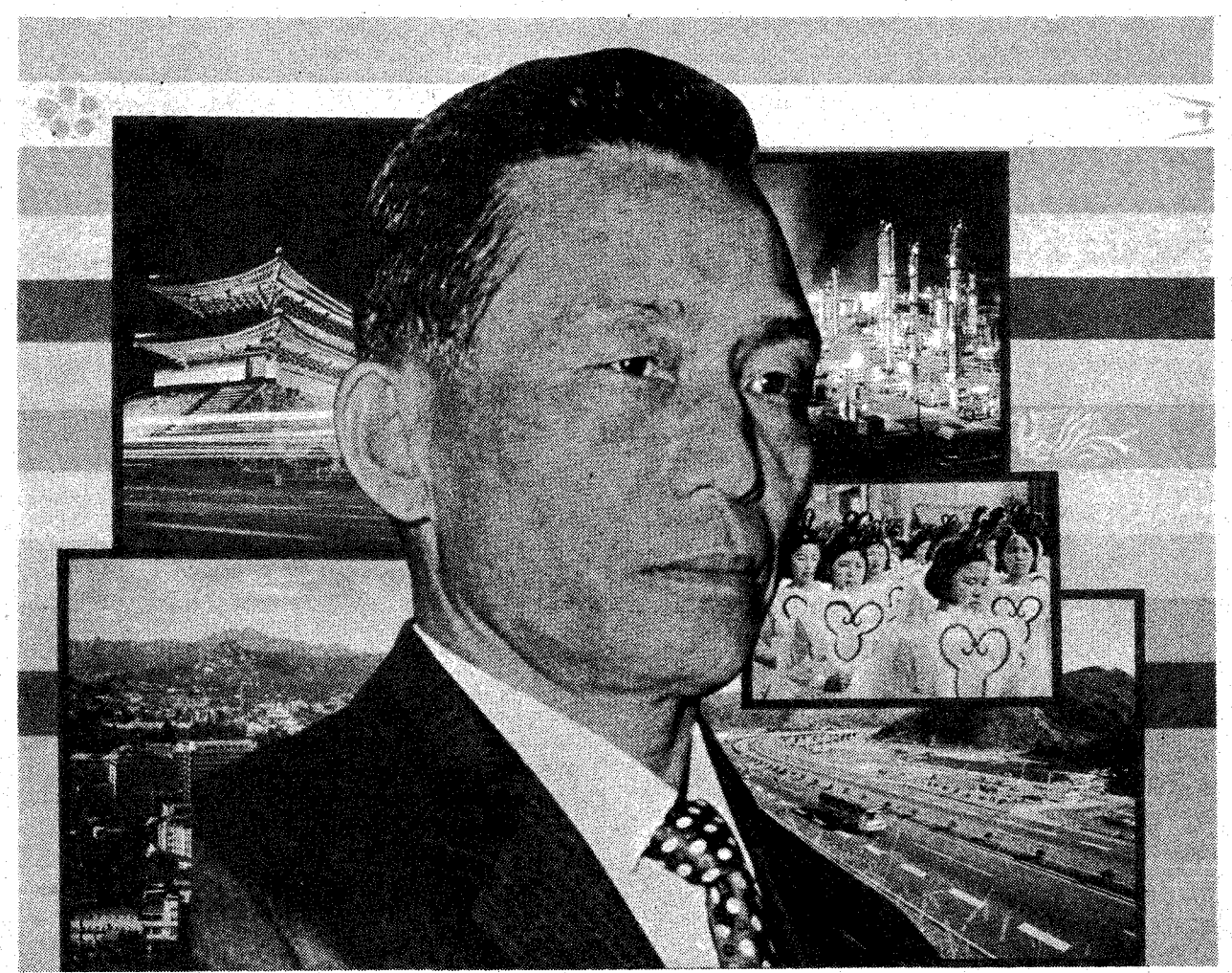
Frustrated by the determined opposition and the democratic means it employed, Park soon began his march toward permanent dictatorship. He declared a state of national emergency on December 6, 1971, and sent troops onto college campuses. Ten months later, on October 17, 1972, he declared martial law, dissolved the National Assembly, closed all colleges and promised a new constitution. That constitution, which went into effect six weeks later after a nondebatable "national referendum," gave the President everything he wanted, including the legislative and judicial branches in his hip pocket. In his shirt pocket were blank pieces of paper on which he was authorized to write down any other whims and fancies that might occur to him at some later date.

That later date came this year. Three emergency measures were decreed in January in response to three months of steadily mounting anti-Park protests that had begun on college campuses and quickly spread in the Christian churches, the press and the opposition parties. The first measure, aimed primarily at breaking up a petition campaign to revise the constitution, threatened up to fifteen years in prison for this and other "anti-government criticism." The petition, begun in late December, had been signed by 400,000 citizens within two weeks. The threat succeeded in halting the petition but backfired in terms of stopping the discontent. As arrests mounted, so did public anger. Anti-Park groups were forced underground, only to emerge again in March when the new school year commenced. Leaflets, which were signed by an *ad hoc* "Federation of Democratic Youth and Students," called for a massive peaceful demonstration in Seoul's City Hall Plaza in early April.

Park then pulled out another constitutional blank check and wrote Emergency Measure 4, a lasting testament to dictatorial paranoia and overkill. This April 3rd decree promised life imprisonment or execution for ringleaders of the so-called federation, which government propagandists insisted was "a Communist organization seeking violent overthrow of the government and establishment of a proletarian regime." Although only a handful of the hundreds arrested in the crackdown had even the remotest "Communist" connections, everyone who spoke out against Park (or in favor of certain things, like social justice, which the President associates with communism) was labeled either a Communist or a stooge of communism. With the label implanted in people's minds by the government-controlled media, special military tribunals in mid-July sentenced fourteen persons to death, fifteen to life imprisonment at hard labor and gave twenty-six others 15-to-20-year terms. Although five of the death sentences, including that of Korea's most famous poet, Kim Chi Ha, were commuted to life imprisonment on July 27, it



Wooing the West. Park's Portrait Against a Montage of Korean Enticements, as Printed in Special Ad Sections of the American Press.

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was small respite from the government's reign of terror. With his popular support now based primarily on fear, Park and the KCIA continue to hold two sledge hammers over the heads of his people. They are labeled "Made in Japan" and "U.S. Military Surplus."

In its more sober moments over the past three years, the Park government has soft-pedaled its propaganda about Communist invasion threats. Especially when trying to justify the repression to foreigners, the regime has played up various subjects under the heading of "the changing situation in Asia": Nixon's China trip, the pull-out of U.S. and ROK forces from Vietnam, the Nixon Doctrine and the Pentagon's "new pragmatism" in Asia, the international monetary and oil crises, world food prices and growing world recognition of North Korea. According to Park's apologists, these external factors have had an unstabilizing effect on South Korea's ability to forge its national destiny. Because of the shifting sands in Asia and the United States, say the apologists, there is a pressing need for "political sacrifices" in order to assure internal stability and economic growth through the 1970s.

One of the problems with this theory is that Park began considering himself indispensable to South Korea well before most of these external factors arose. Moreover, Park, who now cries "foul" when Washington discusses further aid and troop cuts, has felt since 1971 that he could rely less and less on the United States after Vietnam. And, opposition politicians in the South point out that these external problems are, on balance, opportunities: big-power détente opens the door for serious North-South talks; the monetary adjustments make Korean exports cheaper; the food and oil crises could force some attention away from heavy industry for export toward more balanced national development, especially of the depressed rural sector; and an end to the "isolate the North" policy is a key step toward reunification, which is the deepest desire of the 50 million Koreans, North and South.

President Park has sought to exploit only one of these opportunities, and then only when it served his personal political purposes. He encouraged Red Cross-arranged talks with the North after August 1971, and on July 4, 1972, announced more formal talks, with KCIA director Lee Hu Rak representing the South. The talks had great popular support and helped to soften the blow of martial law and the new constitution in late 1972. If reunification was possible, the people were willing to make some sacrifices. But the talks broke down, and in retrospect many South Koreans see them as a cynical move on Park's part to sell the dictatorship ("We must have national unity if we're to bargain with the North") while buying time with the United States ("You can't pull out now"). The South offered little of substance during the talks and became belligerent when the North made a number of proposals for demilitarizing the peninsula, beginning with the withdrawal of all foreign troops (there are an estimated 38,000 U.S. troops in the South under United Nations auspices). The South, with 600,000 active troops compared to the North's 360,000, dismissed the proposals as "smokescreens for another Communist invasion."

One of the key factors in the South's reluctance to consider military de-escalation is the situation within the ROK military establishment. More than 300,000 ROK soldiers had plodded through the rice fields and wastelands of Vietnam for seven years as the Pentagon's staunchest anti-Communist supporters. The last of them returned home in 1972-73 to find KCIA-man Lee up in Pyongyang talking with the same stripe of men that these soldiers had killed in Vietnam. On top of this, the soldiers were welcomed home with a pay cut (the United States paid them twenty-five times their normal pay while they were in Vietnam) and a troop cut of 20,000. If all this was détente in Asia, said the ROK Army, then they didn't want any part in it.

In addition, ROK generals feel that the United States owes them a great deal more in military aid and equipment: first because of the "psychological debt" for South Korea's unstinting sacrifices in Vietnam (sacrifices that earned Seoul $926 million in foreign exchange); and second because the United States is some $300 million behind schedule in its promised five-year, $1.5 billion ROK military modernization program. Army leaders want these debts paid as a minimal condition for U.S. withdrawal. The fact that the North Korean military today has no such large-scale foreign benefactor doesn't modify their claims.

Another bone of contention for military leaders in 1973 was with President Park. In the spring of 1973 the President smelled a rat in some political wheeling and dealing between Lee Hu Rak and Major General Yun Pil Yong, head of the Capital Security Command. Though a military man himself, the President not only sided with Lee, already an archenemy of the military establishment, but also sentenced Yun to fifteen years. Some military men began asking for Lee's head and for a larger military say in how the country is run—two direct attacks on the KCIA-led North-South talks. By year's end the military got its first wish (Lee was sacked on December 3) and one month later got the second (the January emergency measures gave the military control of the emergency courts and an increased role in internal security).

With the military leadership appeased and the North-South talks all but shattered, Park then set out in February of this year to get two birds with one stone: he needed a Norh Korean "provocation" serious enough to sabotage the talks and to justify the severe internal repression he deemed necessary to crush the anticipated spring student struggles. According to informed sources in Seoul, the government on February 15 sent two fishing boats on a "suicide mission" into North Korean waters of the Yellow Sea. As expected, the boats were intercepted by the North Korean Navy; one was sunk and the other captured. Within hours there was an outcry from Seoul that showed numerous signs of advance planning: the press was fed detailed stories about how North Korean gunboats had savagely opened fire on innocent vessels fishing in ROK waters; the government began using the pejorative terms "northern puppets" (*puk-kwe*) for North Korea, a term banned since the July 4, 1972 accords; and detailed plans were announced for mobilizing a million citizens for what became a

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hysterical anti-Communist rally on February 21. For weeks afterward, Park and his ministers referred to the "state of war."

When I asked a U.S. Government official in Washington in May about the February 15th incident, he said: "According to our intelligence, North Korea did not initiate any belligerent acts toward the South during the month of February. Specifically, we have no proof that any North Korean gunboats opened fire on any South Korean vessels on February 15. . . . We don't consider the North especially belligerent at this point. All we know is that Northern agents have been infiltrated into the South again this year, usually through Tokyo."

If U.S. policies and practices in Korea in 1945-55 set patterns for U.S. intervention in Vietnam, a case can also be made that U.S. response to current developments in Korea may have equal effect on the face and shape of post-Vietnam Asia. But to date there are no clear signs of what that Asia policy might be except for scattered anti-Communist holding operations. Freed of its rhetoric about defending freedom and democracy, the United States appears unsure of exactly who or what it is defending. One sample of the quandary is a U.S. diplomat's recent response to repression in South Korea: "We maintain that the human rights of those imprisoned, accused or on trial should be respected, and we have conveyed this to Seoul. We also decry President Park's stubborn march toward authoritarianism, but we have to be careful how we convey this to Seoul. We have no right to interfere in the internal affairs of another sovereign state." Other arguments for the *status quo* U.S. policy toward Korea, according to State Department officials, are *(1)* the importance of stability on the peninsula; *(2)* the importance of that stability for Japan; and *(3)* the historical responsibilities that have tied the United States to Korea since World War II and the Korean War.

Many Koreans today see the "noninterference" argument as a joke—but a joke they won't laugh at because they basically appreciate much of what the United States has tried to accomplish (including furthering the democratic spirit) over the past twenty-nine years. Led by the probing of the post-Korean War generation for a free and independent Korea, these people are beginning to ask some serious questions about the United States' concept of stability: Stability for whom and to what end? For Park and a permanent dictatorship? Is his fomenting a "state of war" against his own people and against the North considered a stabilizing influence? What concrete U.S. interests does this state of war serve? What policy distinctions, if any, does the United States draw between the stable capitalist dictatorship in the South and the stable Communist dictatorship in the North? And when the United States does pull its military out of Korea, will it trust the Koreans to defend themselves or will it encourage Japan's remilitarization?

Since the United States has been talking about withdrawal from the South since 1970, the last question is of special interest to Koreans. Forty years under the Japanese military-colonial yoke has left scars that, for many people of all ages, run even deeper than the scars of the Korean War. "If the North invaded, and if the Japanese came to 'help' us," said a Korean newspaperman, "I would turn my back on the Communists and shoot the Japanese first." Fears of Japan have been whetted in the past two years by policies of the Park government that greatly encourage Japanese investment and tourism. Japanese companies put $295 million into the South in 1973, displacing the United States as the country's largest investor. Nearly 500,000 Japanese, mostly men on ROK government-encouraged prostitution tours, flooded Seoul last year. Japan has also surpassed the United States as South Korea's major trading partner and now controls about 40 per cent of two-way trade. Koreans, with their keen sense of history and their growing sense of nationalism, fear that Park is selling the South to Japan. "Stop Japan's economic invasion" and "stop prostitution tourism" were two of the student demands during last fall's protests. If on top of this the United States makes any military cutback contingent on Japan's taking larger responsibilities in the area (beginning with arms supplies, for which there is already a secret Japanese arms industry lobby in Tokyo), the Koreans will also accuse the United States of selling their destiny to Japan.

Since 1945, U.S. aid to the South has totaled $12 billion, divided about evenly between economic and military aid. The FY 1975 Administration request for aid to the South exceeds $400 million but is likely to be cut about one-third by Congress. American corporations have invested $185 million in Korea in the past decade. Several of these corporations—Gulf Oil, Swift and Skelly Oil, Caltex and Motorola—remitted profits in 1973 that were 20 to 30 per cent of their total investment. Helped by cheap labor and tax breaks, the profit lure is attracting further interest this year from ITT, Texas Instruments, GTE-Sylvania and others. When *The Wall Street Journal* ran a story recently about the bribes and corruption that characterize doing business in Korea, one American businessman responded, "Yes, but even after we make those deductions, look at what's left."

Three U.S. newspapers—*The New York Times, The Washington Post* and *The Christian Science Monitor*—have reported Park's moves in some depth in recent years. As a result, each of their correspondents has been subjected to some form of harassment by the KCIA. In early June the *Monitor*'s Elizabeth Pond was denied entry to the South because she had reported news hostile to Park. In addition to these papers, U.S. attention has been drawn to Korea by Harvard's Edwin Reischauer and Tuft's Gregory Henderson. The ROK Government has launched campaigns to discredit both men, most recently accusing Henderson of robbery. For cooperative U.S. academics the ROK Government has a policy of all-expense-paid junkets to Seoul. Meanwhile, the U.S. branch of the KCIA has during the past year attempted to disrupt meetings of Korean intellectuals in St. Louis and San Francisco. Individual Korean residents of the United States have been threatened if they spoke out against the Park regime. And the KCIA has tried to put a damper on U.S. church protests against the arrest and torture of several dozen Korean Christian leaders. In the midst of all this, one of the most suave and eloquent ambassadors in Washington today—South Korea's Hahm

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Pyong Chun—is using forensic skills he learned at Northwestern and Harvard to sell the Park dictatorship.

One of the things that Hahm emphasizes—Park's accomplishments in terms of economic growth—is also Park's one redeeming factor in the eyes of most Koreans. GNP was up 16 per cent last year and may increase 5 to 10 per cent this year. Although the oil crisis has exacerbated the South's perennial billion-dollar trade deficit, the growth not only continues but may save Park's neck in the short term. Park's immediate economic problem is not growth but what lurks behind it: rampant inflation (wholesale prices up nearly 35 per cent since January), declining real wages (20 per cent for some workers) and an upsurge in unemployment (to about 15 per cent). The bottom one-third of society is being hit hard while the upper 3 per cent continues to do exceedingly well.

In a special report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in January 1973, James Lowenstein and Richard Moose said: "Unless some unexpected spark ignites the Korean resistance (as it has on occasion in the past), the prospects for the future in Korea seem to be for a continuation of the trend toward what is, in effect, a personal dictatorship." Twenty months later the "trend" is completed and the dictatorship locked in place. Indications in Seoul are that the President has tightened the screws about as tight as they will go without provoking spontaneous revolt. On the other hand, there are signs that Park may be forced to loosen up a bit—and any real relaxation at this point could provoke the same result, given the pressures of accumulated discontent. Next year—when Park vowed he would retire from the Presidency—promises to be an interesting one for South Korean politics. Meanwhile Park, like the United States, would like to settle for the basic *status quo*—and hope that democracy doesn't raise its ugly head again. □

CIVIL RIGHTS

OLD VICTORIES, NEW BATTLES

THEODORE M. HESBURGH

On May 17 the nation commemorated the twentieth anniversary of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, the Supreme Court's momentous decision outlawing segregation in our public schools and providing the basis for the elimination of the insidious "separate but equal" doctrine in other areas of American life. The anniversary quite naturally has served as an occasion for numerous conferences and the publication of magazine and newspaper articles reflecting on these twenty years of effort, assessing where we now stand, and forecasting our chances of achieving racial equality in the future. In keeping with the disillusionment of our times, many of these commentaries have been quite pessimistic. To be sure, they have recited the great progress we have made, but they have tended to dwell on what remains to be done and to despair of our accomplishing it. Some even have gone so far as to declare the civil rights movement dead and to discuss the past twenty years as in an obituary.

I reject these analyses. The civil rights movement is still very much alive. The enormous tasks that are yet to be accomplished do not mark our past efforts as failures. While not succeeding fully, we have remedied many past wrongs. But our continued efforts are threatened by at least three developments which have grown in significance as the thrust of the civil rights movement has become more widespread.

First, as the focus has shifted from the blatant denials of equality, which once characterized the "separate but equal" regime of the South, to the more deep-rooted discrimination that pervades our society, problems and solutions have become more complex. The enormous task of eliminating racial isolation in housing and in the schools of some of our major cities is an undertaking of an entirely different order from that involved in desegregating a rural Southern school district or opening public accommodations to all. Some Americans who have supported the civil rights movement have lost faith in its future when they consider these intractable problems. A sense of despair, nourished largely by the revulsion of good Americans at the political cynicism of Watergate and related disgraces, threatens our continued efforts toward equality for all.

Second, as the civil rights movement has attacked the pervasive and ingrained forms of discrimination—for example, in employment—many individuals, groups and institutions, once unwavering in support of the movement, now disagree with present civil rights goals. This development is most clearly apparent in the defection from the traditional civil rights coalition on the issue of "quotas" and "goals and timetables" of many Jewish civil rights organizations, and of much of the labor movement. It also is evident in the scramble of formerly liberal politicians to jump on the bandwagon of anti-bussing hysteria—an unprincipled defection which I deplore—and in the loss of support from white liberals, when scatter-site low- or moderate-cost housing is proposed for their areas.

Third, the political significance of the disaffection of the formerly committed is compounded by the increasing pressure on powerful interests, such as employers in our major industries, who are for the first time being required to eliminate discrimination and its effects in a systematic

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way. The combined efforts of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the Department of Justice and the Department of Labor against AT&T and the steel industry, for example, resulted in awards totaling millions of dollars and far-reaching remedial decrees. These agencies have announced their intention to continue their efforts against other major industries, thus demonstrating that the thrust of the civil rights movement can reach even the most powerful. The movement's goals, which have expanded from desegregating individual lunch counters to changing the employment policies of industry, arouse powerful political forces in opposition.

I believe that the threats to achievement of equality in America—the loss of faith by those who think we are taking too long, or who believe ingrained discrimination too complex for us to overcome, the apparent splintering on some issues of the coalition which makes up the civil rights movement, and the opposition of powerful interests which are increasingly the object of the movement's efforts—can be overcome. The challenge is to continue, to take heart from past accomplishments and to reestablish, through moral and rational persuasion, a political consensus once more to move forward.

As a clergyman it is perhaps appropriate that I first consider the more spiritual of these problems, the challenge of despair. There are many reasons why some supporters of the civil rights movement are losing confidence in our ability to find the necessary solutions. Primarily, Americans are impatient. As Dr. Gary Orfield of the Brookings Institution pointed out recently in commenting on the future of school desegregation:

> Americans are impatient for rapid solutions to basic social problems, neat inventive answers that resolve the difficulties without any great turmoil or inconvenience. Priding themselves on their pragmatism, liberals are often prepared to admit that last year's program "failed" and to enthusiastically endorse another simple answer.

There is no more persistent problem among mankind than prejudice, and we are naive if we believe quick victories or facile solutions can be found.

Loss of confidence and impatience over the civil rights movement also may result because the spectacular moral victories on dramatic issues where there was a widely held consensus are now in the past. In some areas the important but more mundane job remains of implementing and enforcing established laws. In other areas, particularly housing and affirmative action, our efforts have run up against entrenched power, and quite clearly the going has gotten tougher. Today, we have the difficult task of bringing about the full equality that has been foreshadowed by the accomplishments of the civil rights movement.

The accomplishments of the movement have been extraordinary. In the decade of the 1960s, we made more progress in solving our racial problems than had been made in our whole history, and the progress might well have continued if there had been strong and committed national leadership rather than retrenchment and retreat.

When the Commission on Civil Rights was established by the Congress in 1957, I was appointed one of its members, and the situation was bad indeed. The law creating the commission was the first federal legislation in the civil rights field in more than eighty years. Millions of black Americans in the Southern states could not register to vote, black children were forced to attend inferior segregated primary and secondary schools, and black students were not welcome at Southern state universities. Their presence was minuscule at white private and public colleges and universities, both North and South. Throughout the South black Americans faced dozens of daily indignities. They could not eat in most restaurants, rent a room in most hotels, drink at most fountains and bars. What was a *de jure* indignity in the South was often enough a *de facto* indignity in the North. In addition, the commission learned that the kinds of discrimination that affected blacks were equally destructive to other minority groups such as Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, American Indians and women.

The efforts of many courageous people have gone into righting these wrongs. We should remember Rosa Parks and the veterans of the sit-ins who refused any longer to accept indignities. We should remember Martin Luther King and Medgar Evers and all who suffered and died to awake the country to these injustices. We should remember President Lyndon Johnson who stood before a joint session of Congress and declared from his heart, "We shall overcome," as we did with the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and the Fair Housing Act of 1968.

Those years of struggle produced dramatic results. The most rapid change occurred in public accommodations, where barriers to black equality were almost completely eliminated. The reality of this progress is readily apparent to anyone who travels through the South. Now black families feel free to travel in their automobiles, confident that they can share available services and lodgings on an equal basis.

Progress in other fields, though not so complete, has been significant. In voting, black influence has dramatically increased. For example, in Mississippi only 22,000, out of a total black voting-age population of 460,000, were registered to vote in 1964. Now 300,000 blacks are registered out of a voting-age population of 450,000. The number of black voters in Alabama has increased from 68,000 in 1962 to 290,000 in 1972. These new black voters are having an effect, too. George Wallace, the Alabama Governor who once vowed "segregation forever," actively sought black support in his recent renomination effort. Throughout the eleven Southern states there are now 1,307 black elected officeholders; before the Voting Rights Act there were a mere seventy-two. Nationwide, there are today nearly 3,000 black elected officials, two and a half times the number in 1969. Blacks now serve as mayors of great cities like Los Angeles, Detroit, Newark and, until recently, Cleveland. Although we have made progress, there is still a great distance to be traveled. Black elected officials, while increasing, still represent only one-half of 1 per cent of the total.

We have made advances also in the fight against employment discrimination. Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which established the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, has proven to be one of our

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most effective anti-discrimination laws. The recent settlements of suits involving thousands of employees and millions of dollars in damages demonstrate the effectiveness of the law. It is hard to determine precisely just how much Title VII and other federal provisions have contributed to the expansion of job opportunities for minorities in the last decade; it is clear, however, that there has been a significant occupational upgrading. Blacks increased their numbers by 128 per cent in professional and technical positions from 1960 to 1971. This represents an increase of from 4.4 to 6.8 per cent of the total of such positions. In this same period, the number of blacks in the second highest paying category of jobs (managers, officials and proprietors) nearly doubled. In the decade of the 1960s, the income of black males between the ages of 25 and 34 rose to 80 per cent of that of whites in the same age group. From 1964 to 1973, the ratio of black family income to white family income has increased from 50 to 58 per cent, but the 1973 percentage is three points below the high of 61 reached in 1970. Clearly, however, the existence of this enormous gap between average incomes is an indication of the effects of employment discrimination and unequal education.

In eliminating segregation in our public schools and providing equal educational opportunity, we have come a long way, yet much remains to be accomplished. A decade after the *Brown* decision, at the time of the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, fully ninety-nine out of every 100 black children in the eleven Southern states still attended completely segregated schools. By 1972, however, 46 per cent of black schoolchildren in the South were enrolled in predominantly white schools and only 25 per cent remained in schools that were 90 per cent or more black. Now Southern schools are substantially more integrated than are the schools of the North and Border states. In 1972, only 28 per cent of black schoolchildren in the North attended predominantly white schools. Some 31 per cent attended predominantly white schools in the five Border states and the District of Columbia. At the same time 49 per cent of Northern black children and 56 per cent of black children in the Border states attended schools that were 90 to 100 per cent black. Nationally, two-thirds of all black elementary and secondary schoolchildren attend schools in which their race is a majority. While the battleground for school integration has shifted to the Northern and Western states, it is clear that we have made real progress in the South.

In the North and West, as well as in sections of the South, the most formidable roadblock to school desegregation is the increasing division of our metropolitan areas into predominantly black central cities and almost all-white suburban communities. To meet this problem, lawsuits have been brought in a number of cities to achieve the consolidation of the central city schools with the surrounding suburban communities. These suits have proceeded on the theory that a state's responsibility to provide equal educational opportunity could not be frustrated by the artificial boundary lines between municipalities. Unfortunately, this approach to school desegregation in metropolitan areas received a severe setback on July 24, when the Supreme Court decided *Bradley* v. *Milliken*, the case involving the Detroit public school system and surrounding suburban public school systems.

While not completely ruling out the crossing of city boundaries to achieve desegregation, the Court, in a 5-to-4 decision, rejected a metropolitan bussing plan that would have substantially reduced public school segregation in the Detroit area. I agree with Justice Marshall's dissenting opinion that this decision represents a giant step backward in the twenty-year struggle to achieve school desegregation. In essence the Court has said that remedies for metropolitan segregation are limited by existing political boundaries. Along with Justice Marshall I feel that "[O]ur nation . . . will be ill-served by the Court's refusal to remedy separate and unequal education, for unless our children begin to learn together, there is little hope that our people will ever learn to live together." Fortunately, however, the Court's decision does not foreclose all possibilities of metropolitan school desegregation.

The Court itself left open the possibility of cross district school desegregation where it could be shown that the district boundaries were somehow devised to maintain segregated communities. Admittedly, these conditions will be difficult to meet in future city-suburban merger cases. Another approach to urban school desegregation is through the voluntary cooperation of neighborhood school districts. Such programs have been successfully implemented in the Rochester, Boston and Hartford metropolitan areas. Finally we must strive for an enlightened Congress that will recognize the need to enact legislation providing a national policy of school desegregation. Congress and our nation must understand that without metropolitan approaches to school desegregation the promise of *Brown* will have little chance of being fulfilled. Surely this would be an American tragedy.

In expectations of our efforts to achieve true racial equality in America, I am heartened by the progress we as a nation have made toward black civil rights in the last twenty years and by the ripple effect that progress has had in helping to eliminate discrimination against other minorities. I believe the anniversary of the *Brown* decision is an appropriate time for all Americans who have supported the civil rights movement in the past to throw off despair and renew their commitment to the struggle. I realize, however, that a call to recommitment and a salute to the accomplishments of the past is meaningless to those who no longer support the most important objectives of the civil rights movement. Once again we must try to gain the support of these groups and individuals. And we must do so in a way that does not alienate those who would be willing to support consensus positions on other important items on the civil rights agenda.

The falling away of some groups on an important issue is clear in the current controversy over affirmative action. The *DeFunis* case, a challenge by a rejected white applicant to the special efforts of the University of Washington Law School to admit and train minority lawyers, clearly shows this development. During the Supreme Court's consideration of the case, major Jewish civil rights organizations and much of the labor movement—groups

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that traditionally played a leading role in the civil rights movement—supported the DeFunis challenge to what they called "reverse discrimination," while the majority of civil rights supporters joined the University of Washington's efforts.

These groups, and many of those individuals who have joined them in opposing the expansion of affirmative action programs, are sincere in fearing that the cure may be worse than the disease, sincere in fearing that efforts to insure that those excluded in the past get their just share in employment may lead to permanent quotas limiting the future opportunities of other groups and abolishing nondiscriminatory standards of merit.

There may be great dangers in the abuse of affirmative action principles, such as those of goals and timetables, but there is a much greater danger if we should fail in our efforts to eliminate quickly the inequalities in our society. Just as the responsible physician will not shy from radical surgery if that is required to save his patient, so we as a nation must not shrink from the effective and responsible use of affirmative action to eliminate the cancer of racial discrimination from our lives.

This has always been the primary justification for affirmative action. It is essential if we are to eliminate the effects of discrimination sufficiently to reverse the development of two societies, one white, one black, separate and unequal, which the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders warned against. If equal opportunity efforts could not be directed against the effects of past discrimination, but were limited only to insuring that minorities are not now excluded, we would be perpetrating a cruel hoax. Unless we attack the continuing effects of past discrimination, we will deny minorities their just share of America's jobs, status and social benefits well into the next millennium. As President Johnson stated in his famous Howard University commencement address:

> You do not take a person who, for years, has been hobbled by chains and liberate him, bring him up to the starting line of a race and then say, "You are free to compete with all the others," and still justly believe that you have been completely fair.

While affirmative action is an essential remedy for eliminating the effects of discrimination, it is, as its opponents sometimes forget, a temporary remedy. I am confident that we will be able to determine when affirmative action is no longer necessary. The distribution of minority individuals throughout society in proportion more nearly reflecting minority group numbers will be a clear indication. And this goal can be achieved within a reasonable time. Many results of the progress of the 1960s are still not apparent. Only now are those young minority men and women, who received an equal chance in their primary and secondary educations, entering universities and professional schools or coming into the job market. Between 1967 and 1972 the number of blacks enrolled in college doubled to nearly 750,000 students. Their achievements in the 1970s will show that they can compete equally and prove that our affirmative action efforts were a necessary, and temporary, expedient.

The wisdom of affirmative action policies can be seen in our language itself. When an individual injures an arm or leg we say that he or she "favors" that limb. While that injured leg is healing, and thus being favored, the other leg must bear a greater burden. I believe the analogy holds true for America. If we are to overcome once and for all the disease of racial discrimination which has afflicted us throughout our history, we must be willing to favor those segments of our population which have suffered the effects of that discrimination until the disease is eliminated. The burden this places on those of us who have been favored in the past is clearly a small price to pay for a nation of true equality.

I do not believe that the civil rights movement is dead. While progress in so vital an area is always too slow, the achievements of the two decades since the *Brown* decision should reassure us that we ultimately can be successful if we are politically astute and steadfast in our efforts. During the late 1950s and early 1960s many of the civil rights issues that confronted the nation seemed as difficult as the issues of bussing, metropolitan desegregation, affirmative action, and scatter-site housing seem today. I, for one, am confident that we shall overcome now, and in the future, as we have in the past. □

SEATTLE'S TRANSIT TRIUMPH

BETTY KROLL

Seattle

Magic Carpet, the 110-block *free* bus service that made the Walter Cronkite show, was funded by the city of Seattle as a one-year experiment. The $64,000 appropriated to finance Magic Carpet is approximately what it would have cost for a feasibility study to determine if such a service was possible.

The origins of the highly successful experiment in free urban mass transit are lost in some bureaucratic mist, but the credit for pushing through city funding goes to Seattle Mayor Wes Uhlman. In commenting on the need for maintaining a viable and attractive central business district, Uhlman noted, "Seattle has a good 100 years on big Eastern cities, in physical condition and in attitude. You can't deal with New York deterioration and you can't deal with New York cabbies."

Three years ago, the only way to get about Seattle was pitifully inadequate, and in the sprawling suburbs, virtually nonexistent. Since 1972, however, the local telephone directories have carried three pages of Metro transit maps and information.

Betty Kroll is a free-lance writer who lives in Seattle.

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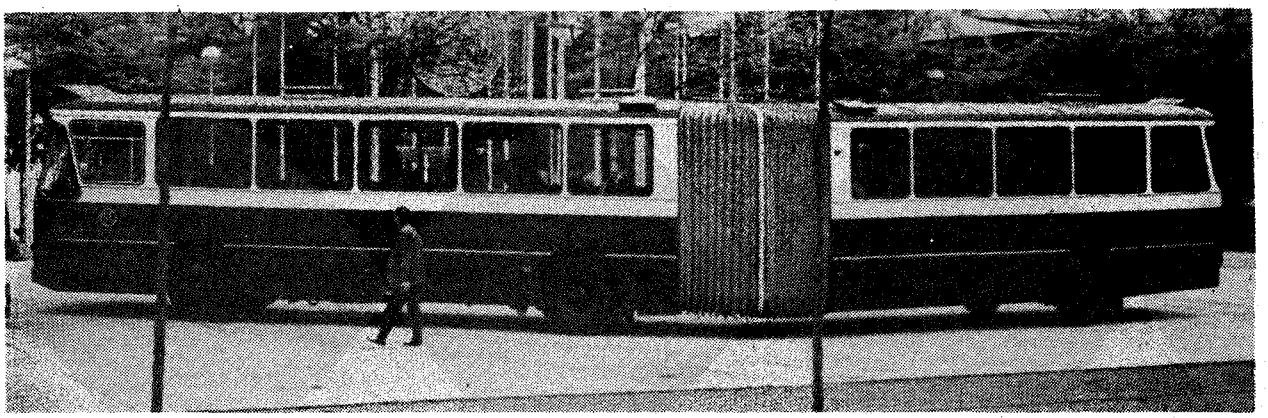

Articulated Volvo Bus Recently on Trial in Seattle. Metro Is in the Market for 150 Such Busses and Trolleys.

To the pleased surprise of a good many doubters, convinced that Americans would never voluntarily relinquish either the use of private cars or any part of their income to pay for public urban transport, residents of King County (Washington State's most populous area), voted in September 1972 to tax themselves .3 per cent of the sales tax revenue collected by the state to finance a new, improved and expanded metropolitan transit system. Plans call for the eight-year development of an imaginative transportation scheme, to include exclusive freeway lanes and attractive, low-pollution busses. The funds come from a combination of local, state and federal moneys. The state is pledged to match the local sales-tax revenue on a dollar-for-dollar basis, up to half the motor vehicle excise taxes collected in King County. The federal Urban Mass Transportation Administration (UMTA) would then match, two for one, state and local dollars on capital and equipment grants. General obligation bonds have also been issued.

Metro has a number of functions under enabling legislation passed in 1957, but thus far its operations have been limited to water and waste management and, since September 1972, to transit. Policy making is the responsibility of the eleven representatives of the city of Seattle, including the Mayor, the entire city council and one appointed representative; the nine King County councilmen and the county executive; one representative elected by the sewer districts; the mayor or a councilman from six incorporated suburban municipalities; one representative elected by the mayors of the smaller cities; six representatives of unincorporated King County and the council chairman. These citizens make up the Metro Council, selected to come as close as possible to "one man, one vote."

"Ridership" on all forms of public transit in the area grew with the lines at the gas stations, but statistics show that Magic Carpet was a hit even before automobile drivers began to take time off from work to get gas to get to work. Within three months of its inception in September 1973, passenger use rose 56 per cent in the fare-free zone.

Magic Carpet has yet to be imitated by any other major metropolitan area, although a similar fare-free service is scheduled to start this year in Portland, Ore. One of the service's most remarkable features is the speed with which it was inaugurated—only six months after the proposal first surfaced. In municipal terms, that's roughly a three-minute mile. The one-year experiment is expected to continue, with talk of expanding into contiguous areas.

There has not been enough time as yet to assess the effect of the free fare on downtown traffic congestion and air quality, but the effect on retail business has been positive. Says a worker in the Seattle Municipal Building, some ten blocks from the principal department stores, "Now I can hop a bus for free and shop on my lunch hour. It was no bargain before Magic Carpet to go bargain hunting if you had to pay fares two ways."

Another side benefit is that Magic Carpet helps break up the segmentation of the business district. Studies indicate that two-thirds of pedestrians ordinarily walk less than three blocks to their destination. With free busses readily accessible, pedestrians now move beyond their circumscribed areas.

Seattle is noted for proliferating citizens' committees and other attempts to involve its citizens, and Metro is no exception. In one of its own publications, it states:

> Metro was born out of citizen concern, and it continues to place priority on involving citizens in the planning process, so that it can perform its functions as an environmental service agency in a way that reflects citizen values and earns citizen support.

Transit authorities seek citizen views before planning routes and schedules by holding neighborhood meetings and sending professional interviewers into localities after corridor studies have been made—"to match existing conditions to what *should* be."

The Transit Advisory Committee (whose objectives include the direct involvement of citizens, the development of a community sense of ownership and responsibility, and the provision of an independent forum for citizens regarding transportation needs) meets once a month, and meetings have been so well attended that the room will hardly hold the membership. In order to keep the committee to a workable size and representative of the various communities in King County, the group was recently reconstituted, with members fighting to be renominated.

Metro's request to UMTA for an $86.3 million grant for capital improvements has been approved, and $36 million has already been received. Meanwhile, it is work-

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ing to gain maximum benefits from its aging and inadequate equipment. The University of Washington, for example, subsidizes U-Trans, operating between various suburban and city points and the university, which has the largest daytime population of any institution in the area. Metro is confronted by the "happy dilemma" of not being able to find enough busses to provide for the demand. "Invention is the mother of necessity," and former car drivers jam the park-and-ride lots. "U-Trans," says a suburban faculty wife from England, where good public transportation is accepted as a fact of life, "has just about revolutionized our lives. It's marvelous."

Newly appointed executive director Dr. Richard S. Page, who has promised to keep Metro "honest, competent and responsive," points out that Americans will ride the bus—or the tram, streetcar or trolley—only if they are assured of a seat and a safe, quick and comfortable ride. But lowering or eliminating the fare certainly increases usage.

In late February, when the gas shortage was at its most acute, commuter railroads (Chicago & Northern Western, Burlington Northern, and Illinois Central) estimated that passenger traffic had gone up a bare 1 to 3 per cent. Spectacular gains in ridership on public transit, however, were evident in Seattle and New York.

New York ridership increased dramatically when the New York Transit Authority last December began offering round trips at one-way prices on Sundays. This fare concession produced a 90 per cent jump in bus usage, 42 per cent on subways, and more than 50 per cent on suburban trains. The total number of Sunday passengers rose from 500,000 to 2 million.

In Seattle, Mayor Uhlman and some like-minded city council persons planned a fare cut for the elderly and won a key vote in the Metro Council to institute a flat 10¢ fare for senior citizens within King County. The 70-mile, one-way service offered once a week to the rural Black Diamond area is believed to be the cheapest run for the distance in the country.

Newspaper publicity, promotion in senior citizen centers and by the City's Division on Aging, telling the elderly how and where to apply for reduced fares produced amazing results. Ridership went up from 3,700 in October 1972, to 50,000 in June 1973. Under consideration at this time are family passes, monthly reduced fares, and even annual bus tickets.

One possible way to finance additional reduced or zero fares would be to use a portion of revenue-sharing funds. Fare-box collections total about $11 million a year; the remainder of Metro revenue comes from the sales tax. King County collects about $20 million for general revenue-sharing, and public transit is one of the five specified purposes for which it can be spent. Thus far, the only appropriation in the Seattle area for transit goes to the suburban town of Tukwila—$30,000 to finance two free bus routes from apartment complexes to a large shopping center.

The major deterrent to further expansion is the great bus shortage. Already staggered working hours are in the offing for city employees and those businesses willing to cooperate. No busses are available for lease. Neither local manufacturers like Boeing or Pacific Car and Foundry, or General Motors and Rohr-Flxible (*sic*), the two major national producers, can supply busses that will meet existing or expected requirements of the Clean Air Act of 1970, the Noise Control Act of 1971 or the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1973.

In seeking European-style articulated busses (a sticky point in the UMTA grant application), Metro planners emphasize that the articulated bus, up to 60 feet long, provides approximately 50 per cent more usable floor area than the standard American 40-foot bus. Legislation was passed 99 to 0 in the state House of Representatives and 47 to 1 in the state Senate to permit these busses on Washington highways.

Draft specifications offer money incentives to builders for certain nonstandard features, which, over the life of the vehicle, will furnish identifiable and quantifiable benefit to citizen-taxpayers:

(*1*) Fuel economy, with post-delivery verification.

(*2*) Commonality (interchangeability of parts) among different types of busses—neighborhood busses, trolley busses, etc.

(*3*) Low floor height, based on the calculation of time savings, to say nothing of improving the mobility of the elderly and handicapped.

(*4*) Low noise.

(*5*) Electronic trolley bus control—the value lies in reduced maintenance and increased passenger comfort because of "stepless control" (ease in passing from one "gear" to the next).

Metro has kept recreation alive in Seattle during the gas shortage, scoring notable success in special-event services to the hydroplane races, horse races, football games, the state fair and regularly scheduled routes to the area's ski sites.

Before it took over transport in King County in 1972, Metro was known as the "agency that cleaned up Lake Washington." When former director Gibbs was asked what he believed to be Metro's greatest strength, he replied:

> Metro's greatest strength is the Metropolitan Council itself. This is true not only of the people who serve on it at any given time, but of the Council as an institution. It is not an additional level of government, but rather a federation of local governments of the area. The Council's make-up and the way it operates automatically assure that local concerns are reflected in regional planning for Metro functions and it further assures the careful consideration of metropolitan problems by the local entities represented. I've seen a lot of metropolitan regional agencies . . . where governing bodies and policy bodies are separately elected and appointed with no representation from local government. Almost without exception such boards develop their own agendas and pretty generally ignore local problems. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

From the Vantage Point of the Chancelleries

THE IMPERIAL REPUBLIC: The United States and the World 1945-1973. *By Raymond Aron. Prentice-Hall. 339 pp. $10.*

BERT COCHRAN

With the distinguished French scholar and *Le Figaro* columnist, Raymond Aron, we invariably enter the rarefied world of the foreign office establishments. Here, the raucous shouts from the street are heard as subdued and largely irrelevant murmurings, muffled as they are by solid walls, thick carpeting, and an elitist bias. In compensation, Professor Aron's book amounts to a substantial analysis of its subject. It contains no gossip palmed off as historical evidence. His wide knowledge of the history and literature of the period is not employed to overwhelm the reader with a mélange of ill-digested data, but to buttress or illumine the exposition. The angle of vision from which Aron judges events is candidly explained so that the reader can grapple with positions and not get bogged down with trivia. It is all done imperturbably, and without needless jargon.

Aron's is a variant of the "civilized Machiavellianism" of the Morgenthau-Kennan realist school in its original guise. For Machiavelli, the mechanics of seizing, extending and holding on to power, and of doing in a rival, were akin to moves in a chess game in which questions of morality were irrelevant. In the Victorian age, Machiavelli was considered hopelessly old-fashioned, even naive. His ruthless prescriptions were thought to have no more relation to the democratic politics of the civilized world than a cloak-and-dagger Italian melodrama. It is ironical that in our own era of supertechnology, writers look back with nostalgia on the cold-blooded, stylized statecraft of the past, and military intellectuals have revived some of the concepts of the Renaissance *condottieri*. The scramble for advantage of two antipathetic superpowers in a world in which the old stabilities have been shattered has produced another epoch of social cataclysms—and political theorists are trying to bring some conceptual order out of the political chaos, or trying to bring the blessings of ideology and of tactical advice to the particular faction with whom they identify themselves.

Aron's difficulties arise from an attempt to wear both hats. Consider the fierce struggle over Eastern Europe that ushered in the cold war. In the role of dispassionate realist, Aron finds that "interstate relations being what they are, within a heterogeneous system Stalin's desire to spread his regime as far as his armies had the power to do so is wholly consonant with customary practice." Consequently, given the disparate systems of the two wartime allies, "the partition of Europe was probably *inevitable*," and what is more, "no one was to blame for it." The cold war was simply due "to a dialectic of history more potent, probably, than anything willed by diplomats."

This is a valid exposition in a passive-determinist reading of recent history. But a comprehension of historical causes does not exclude value judgments of policies and institutions—even of individuals who embody them. In any case, aside from such occasional flourishes, Aron's approach is empirical. And, as we know, President Truman and James Byrnes would not acquiesce in Stalin's suzerainty over Eastern Europe. They wanted to deny Stalin one sphere of influence while they were seizing another for themselves in other parts of the globe. If one accepts a big-power interstate system—as Aron does—were Truman and Byrnes not to blame? Here, Aron slides into the role of attorney for the defense: the anti-Communist crusade was "purely verbal," the propaganda warfare obscured "the de facto acceptance of the *faits accomplis* in Eastern Europe." And he demands to know: "If impotent protest [against Communist 'salami tactics'] was an error, what else *could* the Western leaders do but commit it?" This will not wash, either as argument or as history. The United States did not go to war with Russia over Eastern Europe—that much is true. But if the sustained diplomatic and economic offensive conducted by Byrnes, Acheson and Dulles was no more than verbal by-play for the record, then both the world of affairs and the world of scholarship have misunderstood the major international confrontation of contemporary history. It was later that the United States accepted Soviet domination over Eastern Europe as a *fait accompli*; only after the Soviets had exploded their own hydrogen bomb; only after it was demonstrated that they could not be dislodged short of war.

From a specious argument Aron moves on irresistibly to a meretricious conclusion. "In saddling the United States with *causal* responsibility for the cold war, or to put it differently, in accusing it of taking, unilaterally or first, the decisions that made the cold war probable or inevitable, the revisionists once more succumb to the national myth of American omnipotence." That does not follow. The United States was incomparably stronger than the Soviet Union in the 1940s and 1950s, militarily, economically, diplomatically, logistically. The White House, not the Kremlin, had the initiative and was calling the plays. The question is not whether Truman, Byrnes and Acheson were omnipotent; the question is, could they have acquiesced in Stalin's grab in Eastern Europe? And the answer is, yes, they had sufficient power to do so.

When Aron goes on to intimate that revisionists equate communism with freedom and capitalism with evil, and declares that "'revisionist' critics cannot condemn American diplomacy in Europe without repudiating the values of American, and indeed of Western, civilization," he is reciting lines from his other role as special pleader. For the major revisionist historians (certainly in this country), the former accusation is untrue. As for the values of Western civilization, Aron leaves up in the air just what values he is defending, and what values others are repudiating. Democracy? Economic well-being? Is it not likely that a re-imposition of Western protectorates over the Balkan States would have resulted in regimes resembling the current and recent regimes in Greece rather than those of Britain and France? Finally, fed up with the entire dispute, Aron suggests that "it would be better to drop the expression 'cold war' once and for all or to admit that in part it consisted merely of reciprocal abuse." All right. Let us accept that in the spirit of thankfulness for small favors.

There were disinterested critics who accused Henry Wallace in 1948 of embracing the *Realpolitik* of his opponents when he proposed a Soviet sphere of influence in Eastern Europe. One can

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argue cogently that those revisionist historians who proceeded from this Wallace position surrendered their claim to criticize American postwar diplomacy from the heights of a transcendent morality. Or, that it was intellectually impermissible to apply the test of a Quaker morality to Truman and Acheson while accepting a policy of expediency toward Stalin and Molotov. One can only say in justification of such a proposal that the moralist—confronted by less-than-admirable regimes on all sides, and unless he decides to wash his hands of the whole dirty business—has to offer those solutions that best serve the cause of peace, and give greatest promise for the eventual realization of Enlightenment ideals. We can fight evil only with the tools provided by history and society. We cannot detach ourselves from our heritage at a single stroke. If the Soviet satellite states eventually win national independence, it will be by their own exertions, not as a gift from Western diplomats.

Fundamentally, the value of Aron's kind of overview lies in what new light is thrown on the inner drives, dynamics and relations of states. Here is a typical Aron discussion on containment and Vietnam:

> The concept of containment was in fact expanded into a doctrine of international order, and this doctrine was calculated to lead to imperial, or even imperialist, intervention, or to put it another way, intervention in order to uphold a government favorable to the institutions and ideologies of the United States, even against its people's aspirations. . . . Since revolutionary parties throughout the world nowadays use a socialist vocabulary more or less impregnated with Marxism, United States imperial diplomacy tends in fact to favor existing regimes for fear that revolutionary regimes may be worse, either in themselves or in relation to what the Americans would prefer. . . . The philosophy implicit in American diplomacy appears as a synthesis of realism in deeds—the containment of Communism—and idealism in words—world order, nonresort to force, peoples' right to self determination. In this synthesis lay the motive for a defensive strategy; the *faits accomplis* in Europe, North Korea (after 1951), China, and North Vietnam (after 1954) were never again called in question. The imperial policy of the United States has therefore tempered its potential universalism with respect for spheres of influence. . . . I do not deny that once the doctrine of containment was expanded to encompass the entire globe, it could some day end in disaster. What I do deny is that this disaster is implicit in the doctrine, that it *necessarily* results from it. . . . The essence of the art of politics . . . is discrimination. The Vietnam War was the result of a failure to discriminate and of the implied axiom that any local conflict assumes a global value insofar as it involves a nonmaterial issue, the credibility of the American commitment, and insofar as this credibility remains the basis of world order and American security. . . .

The reader will have to judge whether the placid acceptance of oligarchical arrangements and imperial hegemony has not resulted in the blunting of historic sense and humanist aspiration.

Aron questions Robert Osgood's conclusion of 1967 that "American foreign policy in the first two decades of the cold war has been a striking success," and that the United States "is the only global power." He notes ruefully that this "has manifestly ceased to be true, even if it was true at the time of writing"; "there was only one global power in 1947; today there are two." That does not disturb the complacency that runs like a red thread throughout his entire global review. The secret of his optimism—if that is the right word for it—is his faith in the soundness and durability of the profit system: "It is hardly possible to refrain from admiring and approving of the success of the worldwide system which Marxist-Leninists call capitalist." Things have worked out, as he sees it, more satisfactorily than anyone had foreseen: no serious or protracted depression; doubling of the national product in Europe and Japan; the Soviet challenge met and defeated; American predominance more a force for good than for evil.

Much of this is not just Rotarian boosting. When one considers the successful reconstitution of Western Europe in contrast to its disorganization in the interwar years, and the United States effectively replacing pre-1914 England as the dynamic center of world finance and industry, it is obvious that capitalism has shown a resiliency that in totality goes beyond the wisdom of its individual practitioners. Conversely, despite its advance to the status of a global power, Soviet Russia is in the throes of bureaucratic and industrial quandaries which it cannot resolve substantially within the authoritarian system inherited from Stalin. To add to its predicament, the illusion has been shattered that states espousing Marxism-Leninism will necessarily avoid the conflicts of capitalist states. The bellicose exchanges between Russia and China, viewed with ill-concealed glee by Western publicists, strengthen the hands of Western policy makers. This much Aron makes clear.

But his commonsense Toryism stands in the way of his ability to indicate the likely trends and to identify the problems and crises of the coming decades with perceptiveness and vision. His penchant for ignoring group divisions in societies and listening solely to the voices of their rulers and elites, his need to smooth over the sharp edges of irrepressible conflicts between differently situated states in the manner of think-tank problem solvers, his lack of interest in inchoate movements that do not yet command state power, his failure to appreciate the fact that social dynamite is accumulating in parts of the world that endangers the already shaken system that was erected at Bretton Woods—all this imparts a static, surface and slightly Philistine quality to his work. He is unable to move beyond informed commentary of the present except for occasional *aperçus* and throwaway asides. E.H. Carr once said that good historians have the future in their bones. For Aron, the future is a continuation of the present to be pursued with "Aristotelian prudence." It is the fate of many *Realpolitiker*: the critical sense has been developed at the expense of the creative. □

Jubilate Anne

THE DEATH NOTEBOOKS. *By Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin Co. 98 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.95.*

SANDRA M. GILBERT

No matter what else you think about Anne Sexton's poetry, you have to concede its extraordinary and persistent vitality. Like that awful child with the curl, when she's good Anne Sexton is very, very good, and when she's bad she sometimes really is rather horrid—but, nonetheless, vital. Always energetic, brimful of her own pains and passions, as if *she*, whoever and whatever she is (and that's an issue which continually concerns her) is about to leap out of her own skin in her ironic/demonic quest for Love, Life, Art, Intensity.

All of which may seem, at first, particularly odd in view of the brooding, apparently "neurotic" preoccupation with death which her poetry has displayed from *To Bedlam and Part Way Back* onwards, and which now comes fully to the surface in *The Death Notebooks*. Yet even in her earliest books, Sexton's thoughts of death were expressed with a breathless and often comic vitality that lightened what might otherwise have been

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unmitigated gloom. Death—the deaths of friends and relatives, her own death, domesticated as suicide—rose yeastily in the oven of her mind, like a loaf of exotic bread. But if she confessed a perverse taste for such fare, she was herself ironically (and healthily) aware of her own perversity. "I am queen of this summer hotel,/Or the laughing bee on a stalk/Of death. . . ." she wrote of her own institutionalization in *To Bedlam.* And later, in an obviously compassionate elegy for Sylvia Plath, she nevertheless depicted her own (and her dead friend's) suicidal longings with sardonic good humor:

Thief!—
how did you crawl into,

crawl down alone
into the death I wanted so badly and for so long,

the death we said we both outgrew,
the one we wore on our skinny breasts,

the one we talked of so often each time
we downed three extra dry martinis in Boston. . . .

Even in "Somewhere in Africa," that marvelous and wholly serious elegy for John Holmes, her imaginative vitality redeemed her death-vision from both terror and perversity:

Let there be this God who is a woman who will place you
upon her shallow boat, who is a woman naked to the waist,
moist with palm oil and sweat, a woman of some virtue
and wild breasts, her limbs excellent, unbruised and chaste.

Let her take you. She will put twelve strong men at the oars
for you are stronger than mahogany and your bones fill
the boat high as with fruit and bark from the interior.
She will have you now, you whom the funeral cannot kill.

Vital as her early volumes were, however, *The Death Notebooks* goes far beyond them in making luminous art out of the night thoughts that have haunted this poet for so long. The book's epigraph is a line from Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast*—"Look, you con man, make a living out of your death"—which succinctly summarizes the poet's goal, a goal both shrewdly ironic (at least she can write, and thus make a living out of her obsession) and ambitiously metaphysical (what is there to make a *living* from except death?). But if irony and shrewdness have always characterized Anne Sexton's work, the largeness of her metaphysical ambition is what is newly notable about *The Death Notebooks.* The seductions of suicide no longer concern her; the deaths of friends and relatives are secondary. Now, like John Donne, she is lying down in the inescapable coffin that is her own, "trying on," as she tells us, her "black necessary trousseau." In doing this, she has inevitably to define the death that is neither a handful of pills nor somebody else's funeral but, in a sense, a pre-condition of life itself. And so she joins the company of writers who have asserted with Gertrude Stein that "being dead is not ending it is being dead and being dead is something," or with Wallace Stevens that "Death is the mother of beauty, mystical/Within whose burning bosom we devise/Our earthly mothers, waiting, sleeplessly."

I think the book, like all of Sexton's work, has many flaws, but I'd prefer not to dwell too lengthily on them. It is probably true that (as someone once said of Stevens) Sexton publishes too many "practice poems." Hence her volumes are marred by occasional prolixity, flatness, cuteness, sentimentality: "Even crazy, I'm as nice/As a chocolate bar," she wrote in *Live Or Die,* and in *The Death Notebooks* we encounter Rod McKuenish passages like "The soul presses a button./Is the cry saying something?/Does it mean *help?*/Or hello?" Yet even Sexton's bad qualities seem to be aspects of her vitality. The romantic self-absorption we admire trembles on the edge of self-indulgence. Ought we, we wonder, to forgive the Wordsworthian "egotistical sublime" when it manifests itself in the work of a modern poet? Does Sexton's continuing, "confessional" search for Anne signify, to those of us who are searching for ourselves, anything beyond *Anne*'s quest? Would this poet's voice be muffled or stifled if she enclosed herself more, set herself a few more formal limits? The answer to all these questions appears, in Sexton's case, to be yes. Yes, she probably had to cultivate self-absorption, speak in a deliberately naive or flat tone, risk sentimentality and cuteness, in order to achieve the triumphs of this new collection which, by narrowly skirting melodrama, wins through to a kind of grandeur.

The Death Notebooks moves from a witty opening statement that describes her search in almost vaudevillian terms ("Mrs. Sexton went out looking for the gods./She began looking in the sky—/expecting a large white angel with a blue crotch. . . . She made a pilgrimage to the great poet/and he belched in her face. . . .") through several carefully elaborated poem-sequences ("The Death Baby," "The Furies," "Hurry Up Please") to an extraordinary concluding series of psalms ("O Ye Tongues"). All of these works have merit, but "The Death Baby" and "Hurry Up Please" still have all those weaknesses familiar to Sexton's readers. Some of "The Death Baby," for instance, seems in cadence, style, theme, like watered-down Plath:

I rock. I rock.
You are my stone child
with still eyes like marbles.
There is a death baby
for each of us.
We own him.
His smell is our smell.
Beware. Beware.
There is a tenderness.
There is a love
for this dumb traveler
waiting in his pink covers.

And "Hurry Up Please," as the title suggests, is tiresomely like Eliot, without the impersonal terseness and bite of Eliot.

We forgive, however, we forgive, by the time we've arrived at "O Ye Tongues." For this final psalm-sequence, the ornament of the collection, is poetry that anyone would flirt with almost any disasters to write. Organized by Biblical parallelisms into a series of deceptively simple statements ("Let there be a God as large as a sunlamp to laugh his heat at you./Let there be an earth with a form like a jigsaw and let it fit for all of ye./Let there be the darkness of a darkroom out of the deep. A worm room."), the first psalm gives us Sexton's personal re-vision of Genesis. Then the second gives us her *own* genesis and, significantly, the genesis of her imaginary twin, Christopher ("Let Anne and Christopher appear with two robins whose worms are sweet and pink as lipstick"). Soon it is clear that Christopher, though Sexton never tells us this, is—*must* be—the great mad 18th-century poet Christopher Smart, of whom Sexton, with her trips to the madhouse, her fits and starts of inspiration, her poetry written against all odds, is a modern echo. Now, speaking from the Bedlam of death, he tells her where she is and what to do:

For I was in a boundary of wool and painted boards. Where are we Christopher? Jail, he said.

For the room itself was a box. Four thick walls of roses. A ceiling Christopher found low and menacing.

For I smiled and there was no one to notice. Christopher was asleep. He was making a sea sound . . .

For birth was a disease and Christopher and I invented the cure.

For we swallow magic and we deliver Anne.

Together, using the technique of parallel stanzas beginning with "Let" and "For" that Christopher Smart devised for *Jubilate Agno* ("Rejoice in the Lamb"), his own series of affirmative psalms, they work their way from birth through death to God. And there is an inspired awk-

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wardness about "their" poetry, as though Sexton were reinventing language just for the two of them and just for this occasion. In the end, perhaps because of this totally new-minted quality, the poems carry rare conviction. I *believe* Sexton when she tells me that "God did not forsake [Anne and Christopher] but put the blood angel to look after them until such time as they would enter their star./For the sky dogs jumped out and shoveled snow upon us and we lay in our quiet blood./For God was as large as a sunlamp and laughed his heat at us and therefore we did not cringe at the death hole." I believe her because she confronts death with such vitality that there is no longer any room in her lines for egotism, evasion or dishonesty. Her "God as large as a sunlamp" is a plausible avatar of Christopher Smart's divinity, whose "Sun's at work to make me a garment and the Moon is at work for my wife." "For," said Christopher Smart (and Anne Sexton was listening) "the approaches of Death are by illumination." □

Another View of the Monument

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL TRADITION: And the Men Who Made It. *By Richard Hofstadter. Foreword by Christopher Lasch. Alfred A. Knopf. 378 pp. $7.95. Vintage Press. Paper 576 pp. $1.95.*

ANTHONY GRONOWICZ

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of Richard Hofstadter's first work, *The American Political Tradition: And the Men Who Made It,* has resulted in this new edition with a retrospective foreword by Christopher Lasch. In assessing the contribution that Richard Hofstadter has made to the writing of American history it is vital to note that his work was produced between two very different wars—World War II and Vietnam. At the end of World War II the United States began to reap the economic and social benefits of an abnormal post-World-War situation that found her rivals for global hegemony crippled or destroyed. Assertions concerning the "triumph of the American way" were reflected in the economic and social stability that arose from a temporary configuration of economic and social forces inside and outside the United States. But, for the historical moment, many intellectuals found this seeming absence of conflict within American society conducive to the nurturing of the concept of consensus which Hofstadter represents in his view of historical processes. This was a theoretical and methodological tool that could be applied to intellectuals as well as by them.

In the historical profession, the consensus school arose as an outgrowth of and in opposition to the progressive historians and literary critics like Charles Beard, Carl Becker, and Vernon Parrington—the intellectual leaders of the period between the two World Wars. The progressives' historical and literary attention was trained on the unending conflict they perceived taking place between the common people and the economic elite. Fortunately for the system, the progressives always managed to reconcile this conflict by finding a spokesman within the political elite who fought on their behalf. Thus Beard can assign a "people's" (liberal) function to the Jeffersonians and an "aristocratic" (conservative) function to the Federalists. Consensus historians, on the other hand, regarded conflict between the working class and the political elite to be less significant than conflict in the political arena—where conflict was, nevertheless, perceived as little more than infighting among the elite. However, it was here that the political distinctions necessary to maintain the two-party system were provided the public. Thus Hofstadter's characterization of Woodrow Wilson as "The Conservative as Liberal" in *The American Political Tradition* stems from the perceived lack of any fundamental difference in values between these two political groupings. Consensus historians also claimed that the American public generally shared those same beliefs, except when they departed from them to display a hostile or ugly side, a manifestation of a flawed human nature that could be mitigated by a charismatic politician. This is the role that "Bryan, the Revivalist" plays for Hofstadter in *The American Political Tradition,* in which Bryan is characterized as "a provincial politician following a provincial populace in provincial prejudices."

This view of the Populists is not shared by a third historical school that has arisen in the past fifteen years. Calling themselves alternately "radical" or "revisionist," these historians have rejected the consensus viewpoint, while at the same time incorporating some of the latter's criticism of the progressives into their own theories. The revisionists view conflict as inherent in American society, and unresolved. Unlike Hofstadter and the consensus historians generally, their attitude is sympathetic to the farmer or worker. They pride themselves on taking a bottom-up view of society (see the two-volume *Past Imperfect,* edited by Cook, Harris and Radosh for a sampling), which contrasts directly with the consensus school's top-down view of American society, in which intellectuals function as the opinion-making elite.

Hofstadter was also concerned about anti-intellectual currents in American life. But he failed to recognize that consensus intellectuals were as much responsible for those tendencies as were their detractors. Engaging simultaneously in caustic criticism of politicians and of mass movements, they achieved social isolation and were left wthout any popular base of support. A later work of Hofstadter's, *Age of Reform,* sees the Populists through the eyes of five hostile newspaper editors and provides the perfect grist for the standard attacks upon intellectuals as "elite snobs" leveled by ruling-class spokesmen from Andrew Jackson to Spiro Agnew. These attacks have traditionally served to divert public attention from the peculations necessary to keep American social registers intact and screened from public criticism.

In his foreword, Christopher Lasch, an American intellectual historian and a former student of Hofstadter, associates him with the *Partisan Review* and the set of intellectuals who helped pave the way for McCarthyism and Agnewism. It was but a short step from charging "neo-Populist writers with 'ransacking' the past" in the 1930s and 1940s to condemning them before the House Un-American Activities Committee and on television in the 1950s. This vicious *period of McCarthyism, not the Populist* era, marked the height of anti-intellectualism in American life. Their fifteen-year attack on "the cult of the common man" had considerably reduced popular support for intellectuals. When confronted with an uncommon demagogue who presented some of them with the opportunity to prove their social worth, they obliged by participating in the most shameful public courtroom spectacle in the United States since the Salem witch trials. Consensus and conformity became synonyms for repression.

Hofstadter must have been aware of this when he wrote in 1967, after the main body of his life's work had been completed, that ". . . the consensus point of view is limited in that it is only an assertion about the frame or the configuration of history and not about what goes

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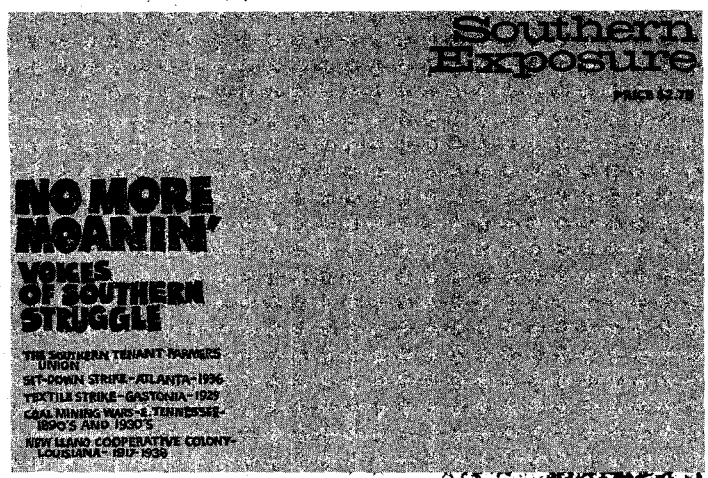
on in the picture." It is concerned with surface, with a description of how men deal with the issues, rather than with an analysis of the issues themselves. The critical theoretical flaw of consensus theory is that it conveniently ignores those who refuse to conform to the framer's notion of consensus. Thus Merle Curti can write a 939-page work, *The Growth of American Thought*, and not even mention W.E.B. Du Bois.

To the extent that Hofstadter undertakes to demonstrate that a politician and President could be aristocratic and democratic, conservative and liberal at the same time, he does demonstrate consensus. But he adds nothing more useful to political analysis. To demonstrate consensus in the political culture is not to demonstrate consensus in the rest of society. In fact, a strong case can be made for regarding the political issues that the parties raise as being generally irrelevant to the issues that affect society at large. It is the intellectuals' responsibility to raise those issues when they are ignored. The inability of our political system to deal with meaningful issues is monumental. One need only consider how the problems of slavery and Vietnam were ignored until too late.

In *The American Political Tradition* Hofstadter confuses theory with practice when he tries to demonstrate that John C. Calhoun was "The Marx of the Master Class." He neatly packages Jefferson, "The Aristocrat as Democrat"; Theodore Roosevelt, "The Conservative as Progressive"; Wilson, "The Conservative as Liberal"; and Franklin D. Roosevelt, "The Patrician as Opportunist." He most certainly contributes to the isolation of the intellectual from American society and to the resultant anti-intellectualism he abhorred by omitting Eugene Debs from this collection of monographs while reserving his kindest, most sympathetic portrait in the book for Wendell Phillips, "The Patrician as Agitator."

Hofstadter displays his cynicism toward the American people and toward mass movements independent of "the power structure" when he selects, as agitators, patricians like Phillips over common men like Debs. Instinctively, he prefers to deal with an upper-class gadfly who relied on his stage flair rather than on any talent for mass organizing to stir up opposition to slavery. No room was found for the man who was offering a clear alternative to the politician Hofstadter berates, and who spoke to the need for people actively to participate in the making of their futures through direct control over the allocation of resources and the goods they produced.



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Debs certainly fitted the demands of the title that he be part of the "political tradition." He received a million votes for President on a Socialist platform in 1912, and many of his ideals and proposals have remained part of the popular political culture even if he didn't succeed in the terms of the authoritative political structure. Certainly Debs represented in his time the strain of sincere, fundamental opposition to the existing order, and enjoyed a kind of popularity that expressed American political consciousness in its most humane and mature form. Wendell Phillips was finally only an "agitator who had given no quarter and expected none," who was "exhilarated and grimly satisfied . . . at the thought that as long as anyone in the old town could remember, he had been a thorn in the side of complacency."

To the deadening complacency of the Eisenhower years Hofstadter might have seemed a thorn. But to those who sought and actively seek an alternative to the corruption and bloodletting of the recent past and the present, Hofstadter has nothing to offer. Thus Lasch's strident attack in his foreword upon two revisionists, Staughton Lynd and Howard Zinn, can be better appreciated as an attack against historians who try directly to influence society rather than criticizing it from some well-endowed literary corner. It is far more profitable, then, to read William Appleman Williams on Debs and Hoover, Gabriel Kolko on Theodore Roosevelt, Martin Sklar on Woodrow Wilson, or almost any revisionist historian on American politics than to read Hofstadter—that is, if one desires concerned, compassionate, and useful history. □

Pepsodent & Four Roses

HAPPY DAYS. *By Margaret Moose. Simon & Schuster. 319 pp. $8.95.*

PHILLIP CORWIN

Optimism is suspect in American letters nowadays, as though it were essentially a superficial attitude better peddled by fat-cat businessmen, politicians stumping for election, or the jackals of advertising. It seems not to be a legitimate concern for serious literature. The real truth of American life, novel after novel tells us, is death, despair and pessimism. Examples abound.

While that attitude is neither new nor uniquely American, it is certainly widespread, perhaps even dominant, among serious American novelists. And yet there are probably more optimistic novels written in America than in any other Western country. Nor can they all be dismissed as being superficial. To love death is not necessarily to know truth.

Margaret Moose's first novel, *Happy Days,* is an optimistic novel. It is a nostalgic, humorous reminiscence of childhood told in the first person. The setting is on the outskirts of a small Virginia town where the father of the 10-year-old protagonist, Lee-Ann Johnson, owns and operates a prosperous scrap-metal business, referred to by his detractors as a junkyard, at a time when scrap metal has become a strategic commodity. The action takes place in the months leading up to and following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, during the latter part of the depression.

One has only to think of other novels written about the middle South in those years to realize how bleak the picture might have been. Yet Mrs. Moose has been able to confront death, violence, greed, treachery and the evils of class discrimination without ever succumbing to despair. (Why is it that despair is seldom thought of as being superficial?) Her characterizations are warm yet satiric, loving yet caustic. And she is realistic in the best tradition, in that the views expressed in the novel are totally consistent with the personalities expressing them.

Lee-Ann herself is impish, resourceful and thoroughly charming. Her closing words in the book are significant:

> I looked at the Judge out of the corner of my eye. He didn't look so old. And I was getting older all the time. I could catch up. And when I did, I would marry him and be happy.

At this point Lee-Ann has just been through a shocking and genuinely depressing experience. Yet she survives in a way that is truly uplifting, not merely because of her hopefulness but because of the particular way in which she asserts her personality. Notably, she looks at the judge not directly but out of the corner of her eye, the way a 10-year-old might. Her concept of time is purely subjective, her simple rhetoric is both appropriate for her age and powerful for its directness. And her concept of happiness, reflecting the social attitudes of her upbringing, involves marriage—in this case to an older man who, she believes, would be both kind and protective. It is no accident that the final word in the novel is "happy." In short, *Happy Days* is not an ironic title—though it is not Pollyanna-ish either. Specifically, it refers to a future hope as well as to a past recollection.

The most powerfully portrayed character in the novel is Lee-Ann's father, J.C.—entrepreneurial, blasphemous, crude, and supremely individualistic—who is constantly trying to protect his scrap-metal kingdom from the talons of the federal government, which wants to confiscate it for the war effort. To J.C. Johnson, FDR is "a socialist Communist dictator . . . encouraging folks to try to make a living without working." Predictably, J.C.'s politics are tied to his self-interest:

> You hear about that new War Production Board they got? Going around to places and telling folks how much scrap they got to sell? . . . Frank sent my scrap over to them Japs so they could make guns to shoot our soldier boys' heads off, now he's coming around saying I have to give it up for next to nothing to save their lives. That sonuvabitch.

The head of the local War Production Board, and J.C.'s main enemy, is Thurston Joyner, an attorney and aristocrat who despises J.C. even more for being vulgar than for being uncooperative in the war effort. Time and again Joyner's efforts to confiscate J.C.'s holdings are frustrated, but each time Joyner returns he is increasingly supported by legal authority, until at last a violent climax is reached. In the mind of an Arthur Miller (e.g., *All My Sons*), the conflict here might be seen as one between duty to one's family and duty to one's country, between moral obligation and commerce. But in the mind of Lee-Ann Johnson, the conflict is a more personal one, between her Daddy and that vampire Thurston Joyner, between her father's property rights and the faceless feds who want to steal what her father has worked for so hard. Lee-Ann never philosophizes openly, but her attitudes are always clear.

Meanwhile, J.C. is also under attack on the spiritual front. For even more insidious than the FDR-Joyner conspiracy is the relentless connivance of Lee-Ann's mother, Myrtle, with the local preacher, Brother Tackett, to convince J.C. to accept Christ. J.C. is not buying. His reasons for choosing to remain a sinner are implied at one point when he taunts Brother Tackett with a few questions about Jesus:

Phillip Corwin is a writer and editor living in New York, and the author of an optimistic novel.

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> But how come they had to *kill* Him to have a religion? Why in *hell* couldn't they let Him alone? I kinda like that ole boy . . . it's God I can't understand. . . . I got some questions! Letting His only son get run through! What kind of an ole daddy is that, tell me? He wasn't for Him, he was *agin* Him! Why, if my boy was about to be run through, I'd a stuck my head out of a cloud and yelled, "Run boy, run for your life!"

The other characters in *Happy Days*—Mrs. Thurston Joyner, J.C.'s work crew, Lee-Ann's playmates—are well drawn, and actually tend to heighten the portrayals of the Johnson family since they are all seen through Lee-Ann's eyes. Here, for example, is one of J.C.'s crew, Sparky:

> He was the best machinist around. . . . His mouth smelled sweet like Pepsodent and Four Roses, and his body smelled like mildew. He worked for my father faithfully during the week and stole from him faithfully over the weekend. Which didn't mean that he was disloyal to my father. He didn't steal much. He knew how much my father loved his scrap iron. But he had to steal some. It was part of his routine, and my father never tried to catch him. We liked Sparky. Loved him, I'd say.

The conclusion to *Happy Days* is violent, humorous, sentimental, if one can imagine such a combination. But most important, what remains when the novel is finished is an impression, a feeling of the past recaptured, of a world complete with political machinations, social antagonisms, and economic pressures, all revealed through the perceptions of a 10-year-old. And the fact that those recollections are personal rather than ideological is what gives the novel its charm and force.

As for its optimism, perhaps that is because Mrs. Moose loved her characters, an attitude virtually unthinkable for contemporary novelists who are primarily concerned with anger and despair. In any case, *Happy Days* is a fine novel. Indeed, it is almost enough to convince one that, even in a capitalist system, even in a society which deals harshly with one's own father, it is still possible for a liberal, and a writer as well, to have a few happy days. □

Of Loneliness and Publicity

PAT LOUD: A Woman's Story. *By Pat Loud with Nora Johnson. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 223 pp. $6.95.*

STEPHANIE HARRINGTON

"So the poor, dopey Louds, naive, but trusting and open (yes, baby, trusting and open—now that's worth some points isn't it?), let it all hang out, for twelve hours, all over the public television channels. And the critics and all those *Angst*-ridden, overanalyzed, intellectually overstuffed Easterners still haven't figured out if it was art or anthropology or group therapy or just plain old California-style exhibitionistic media-freaking. Well, I'm not sure I understand all of it yet either, but it was my married life, the whole big twenty-year project, that got ground up into the steak tartare for everybody's cocktail party. So, just to set the record straight from the point of view of the people who actually lived those seven months of video-taped interaction, poor provincial little Patty will tell you some of the things you've really been wanting to know about *The American Family* but were afraid to find out."

That is not an actual quote from *Pat Loud: A Woman's Story*, but it does convey the purpose of the book, much of its tone and the worst of its style—a tough, slick style that too often seals off the poignancy of the Louds' predicament.

The Louds, as everyone must know by now (and if everyone doesn't, it's not the Louds' fault), were an affluent Santa Barbara, Calif., family—an obsessively unfaithful husband, two teen-age girls, two teen-age boys who seemed quite literally to be blowing their minds with their rock band, one 20-year-old son experimenting with homosexuality and high camp in New York and a mother who held the whole thing together as long as she could without letting on to the world that it was not a loving but loose togetherness. And these Louds, who always seemed to be talking at one another instead of to one another, were the subjects of *The American Family*, NET's twelve-part cinéma-vérité attempt to search for answers to the question (tune in next week): Can the American family survive? Well, the Louds didn't. Pat and Bill divorced each other after a sensational separation scene shared by all the viewers of educational television.

And when the notices started coming in, Pat Loud got mad. Real mad. "The reviews," she wrote in *The Forum for Contemporary History*, "have been hit-and-run scornful—not of the series . . . but of the Loud family . . . we have been ground through the big media machine, and are coming out hamburger . . . the almost unanimous critical disgust shown some of us, the treatment of us as objects and things has denuded us of such honor and dignity as we owned." Her explanation of the way the critics received the Louds' public offering of themselves is that *anybody* would have done what the Louds did, including the "Eastern liberal press" and "maybe that's what makes them so jumpy."

But the question the critics were asking was, hadn't the Louds denuded themselves of dignity, made objects of themselves by impaling themselves on the screen for examination like butterflies on a pin? And perhaps what made the "Eastern liberal press" so jumpy is that by objectifying themselves the Louds took us all one convulsion further into the paroxysm of mass-cult Freudianism in

Stephanie Harrington is a free-lance writer and television critic.

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which the shortest route to self-realization is overexposure of individual psyches to as many people as care to attend—or better still, participate in—the spectacle.

Pat Loud intends her book to be both a defense of her family and a chronicle of her own enlightenment. As such it is a structure of contradictions. She says, for instance, that "the poor crazy Louds" get "the shiv for being honest." But even though her marriage was barely hanging together, and even though she says she felt like a "washed-up harridan," she approached the filming as a way of establishing a false reality, of finally achieving, if in image only, the ideal she says she was programmed to pursue: "Pat, dedicated mother of five . . . showing off the results of twenty years of unceasing labor; Pat, the gourmet among her copper pots whipping the egg whites for a soufflé; Pat the decorator in her lovely ranch house. . . . We would be a lovely family commercial."

She says they let themselves "hang out" in public because they "really believed" that "by letting us, all of us, hang out, we might help to free some pent up soul out there" and "if you were honest everything would be fine." But she also says that when producer Craig Gilbert first came to their house to ask if they knew of "an attractive, articulate California family with teen-age children," who might do the show, they immediately did their "number": "We all became charming, amusing, photogenic and generally irresistible." For vain, extroverted Bill, she says, the filming "would be the height of his self-expression"; "the kids, of course, were desperate to do it"; and Bill, in a postpartum interview, said, "We're proud of the way we live. We made it . . . I guess maybe it [the reason they did the series] was pride. Pride and ham."

All the contradictions do not simply add up to duplicity on the part of the Loud family. Cinéma vérité is itself contradictory. "We hadn't understood," Pat writes, "that all the truths had to be partial. . . . With that big eye on us, we all became supersensitive to the fact that there were some things we'd tell and some we wouldn't." And yet, "even though we were all trying to look our best, a lot of people seemed to think we came through looking empty anyway."

The Louds did not know that their tour of duty would stretch from one hour-long show, to five shows, to twelve, and that it would take 300 hours of filming over seven months to produce those twelve hours. If they had known they would be on camera so long, Pat says, they would have let down some of their defenses (who can masquerade for 300 hours?) and even risked boring their viewers with a few moments of quiet introspection from time to time. That, she feels, would have made them seem more real, more interesting and would have allowed them time for insights.

True, the Louds did not seem to spend much time probing their relationships, but they seemed to spend even less time worrying about the world around them. To the Louds, it is probably just "Eastern liberal" nit-picking to mention that they did not waste much of their patter on Vietnam, poverty, the women's movement, or even the stock market or the baseball scores. Perhaps those discussions were left on the cutting-room floor, but Pat Loud does not suggest this in her defense.

Another effect of the cinéma-vérité process on the Louds was first to delay, then precipitate, the divorce. To preserve their "happy family" image, Pat wanted to wait until the filming was over, but the filming itself was a "force pushing [her] to end the whole miserable mess. . . . We were living a story that had to be told and the story was building to a climax."

Pat's description of life with the film crew is sometimes affectionate, sometimes petty, sometimes angry—interesting as gossip is interesting. But her reminiscences of her childhood and adolescence, of her Victorian parents who knew there were rules, are what is best in this book. What is most painful is her gradual, reluctant initiation into the mysteries of Bill's other life, her bewildered floundering between her parents' Victorian certainties (bolstered by Hollywood's promise of love *and* marriage) and Bill's neurotic, destructive attempt to revise those rules to develop (or so he claims) a sexually open marriage.

Pat's backward glance at the forces that propelled her into dependency, marriage, motherhood, sexual dalliance and divorce must be respected. She embarked on a risky adventure, and she is seeing it through. However mundane divorce and a woman's sudden confrontation with emotional and economic self-sufficiency may be these days, it is always frightening for the individual involved. But it is hard for the reader's sympathy to stand up under the weight of her self-conscious, almost self-satisfied, irony. The sociological insights that seem stunning to her in her analysis of her own life have been clichés of pop sociology ever since Betty Friedan took the mystique out of femininity.

At her worst stylistic moments, when she combines a tough-broad slickness with "now" expressions like "bummer" and "Baby"" and "where my head is at," or when she lapses into baroque descriptive passages that display more Glo-Coat sheen than literary sparkle, you get the feeling that Pat Loud is teetering on the edge of yet another public role—the Cosmopolitan girl as writer. Nora Johnson, with whom Pat wrote her book, is a frequent contributor to *Cosmopolitan*—maybe she's the culprit.

For the Louds, for people whom they moved to anger or tears of recognition and compassion, *The American Family* was a psychological encounter that has continued in articles, in letters, on talk shows, and in Pat Loud's book. Certainly some individual insights were provoked or sharpened, and some people feel less alone with their problems. But finally I think, Pat Loud's book, the television series and the Louds' freakish celebrity, for which they have paid a painful price, contribute to an analysis of our cultural condition only by adding to the pile of familiar symptoms.

It is a time, after all, when some of the most experimental people in television are going around doing things like videotaping an organization's meeting in order to show the tape at a future meeting and get the people at the meetings to talk about their meetings. □

DANCE

MOIRA HODGSON

Something has happened to the Bolshoi. The company that first enthralled London audiences eighteen years ago disappointed them this summer. Even the brilliance of some of the Bolshoi stars failed to inject much excitement into the drab productions or to compensate for a corps de ballet that has fallen below standard.

The company brought five full-length ballets to London. Four of them—*Swan Lake, Giselle, Don Quixote* and *Nutcracker*—are comfortably familiar, and it was here that the Bolshoi failed most of all to please. We learned these classics from the Russians, but now it looks as though the source is beginning to dry up, that the years of isolation are finally beginning to erode the Bolshoi's great art.

The Coliseum tour was tense and troubled in other ways. The unhappy company is a political football. Although to everyone's relief the Panovs had been released (thanks largely to pressure from England), demonstrators gathered outside the theatre at every performance. They even struck inside, letting white mice loose in the auditorium and throwing nails onstage. This hostility, combined with the difficulty of performing on the small and awkwardly shaped Coliseum

Moira Hodgson has contributed articles on dance to Hudson Review and Dance Magazine, *and produces a biweekly interview program,* Dance Today, *for WBAI-FM.*

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LOVERS

Sleeping near you terrifies me.
You are delicate as a doll,
pale skin, shoots of blue
veins in your cheek. I lie here,
knots in my fingers.
Every minute all of it continues.
I want to choke you, to see the veins
bulge like balloons, the mouth struggle
for one second. Then shut.
The moon of your forehead will be still.
I will sleep for hours holding you.

Rochelle Siegel

stage, made life no easier for the dancers. As defections elsewhere multiplied, the security net was drawn closer around them. The life-size model of a caged ballerina that formed part of the demonstration seemed to represent the state of Soviet ballet as well as the state of Soviet Jews.

"The ennobling effect of all great and perfect art, after the primary emotion," wrote Carl Van Vechten, "seems to be to set our minds wandering in a thousand channels to suggest new outlets." New outlets are not exactly encouraged by a regime that finds "dance without content" (i.e., Balanchine) unacceptable and cautions against "infatuation with terrifying, repulsive, tragic and grotesque images in ballet." Choreographers are closely vetted—so closely that a new version of *Swan Lake* by the Bolshoi's artistic director, Yuri Grigorovich, was held up for six months because he had let his heroes die in the last act. Mme. Furtseva, Minister of Culture, asserted that *Swan Lake* had always had a happy ending and would continue to do so, in accordance with the "true meaning and message of the ballet."

What a weak, pale *Swan Lake* Grigorovich has given us. It looks as though it had been bled. It came as a surprise to those expecting the big-scale dramatics, the leaps and flings, the deep emotions we normally associate with the Bolshoi. Keeping this side of the Bolshoi well hidden, Grigorovich offers a production that is slow-paced and reluctant to establish character. He retains much of the Gorsky, Ivanov and Petipa choreography and uses only the original music that Tchaikovsky composed specifically for the ballet (some of which I hadn't heard before), but the new choreography is geometrical and at times rather unmusical. His idea is to concentrate on the character of the Prince, but he does so simply by giving him a lot more dancing to do, not character-building dancing though, and making the other characters—the mother, jester, tutor—vague and undefined. He also sterilizes the national dances, putting them on pointe, with a bit of ribbon or an arm movement to indicate their origin. I did like his making von Rothbart into a dancing role.

In Act 1 the Prince (a bright young newcomer, Alexander Bogatyrov) dances happily alone in a big, dusty, medieval cavern of a castle. In the birthday celebrations that follow, instead of watching from the side of the stage, he dances in the Gorsky *pas de trois*, leads the polonaise and has a final solo. Bogatyrov is a most appealing dancer; he has a high leap, clean and easy finishes, and manages to concentrate extraordinary energy and expression in his shoulders and upper back. Like many of the Bolshoi men, he sometimes fails to stretch his feet fully, which spoils his line.

After the ballroom, this production skips the hunting scene and goes to the murky lakeside where an agile von Rothbart (Mikhail Gabovich) is in hot pursuit of Odette (Svetlana Adirkhayeva). This Odette is no wilting captive swan queen. Adirkhayeva is more a temptress, all grins and flashes, with the seductiveness and Colgate smile of a pin-up girl. She drives through the steps with such force that she hardly seems to need rescuing and we don't believe that she cares for the poor young man at all. This causes confusion in the later ballroom scene when Adirkhayeva appears as Odile, flanked by six black swans and von Rothbart (who is given a splendid variation), because we see no character change. But the Prince is more perceptive than we are. He raises two fingers in his oath to her but, helped by Mme. Furtseva, realizes that he has been duped and quickly withdraws them. If you have been watching carefully you will know that he has only *sort of* promised. Since the end justifies the means, what is a little white lie to a black swan? In the last act, after a rousing duel with von Rothbart, he is reunited with the temptress again and he raises his two fingers and keeps them there.

A cynical friend of mine has a maxim, "No good deed shall go unpunished." That seems to be the moral of *Spartacus*, a big, brassy Cecil B. De Mille of a ballet which is swept along by Khachaturian's splashy score. It is wonderfully awful—it contains enough for a dozen bad ballets—and it was the hit of the season, giving the public an inflated £8.50 (about $20) worth of exhilaration, leaps, stamina, virtuosity and acrobatics.

The story is an ideologist's dream. The heroic slave Spartacus revolts against his conquerors, but at the last minute

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spares his enemy, the villain Crassus. Crassus later takes his revenge and Spartacus is killed, hoisted high on a theatrical forest of spears.

First considered as a ballet by Nikolai Volkov in 1933, *Spartacus* smacks heavily of that period. It was not produced until 1956 when it was choreographed by Leonard Jacobsen, and two years later revised for the Bolshoi by Igor Moiseyev. It was not a success, so in 1968 Yuri Grigorovich created a completely new version, centering the action on the four main characters, Spartacus, his wife Phrygia, Crassus and his mistress Aegina. He sets their story against waves of corps (slaves and Romans), who move like a chorus in Greek tragedy, juxtaposed with *tableaux vivants*—Crassus' moment of triumph, Spartacus on the spears, Phrygia mourning over his bier. The heroic friezes of shields, spears, goose-stepping Romans and bowed slaves remind one of those heavy Soviet sculptures and bas-reliefs that adorn public buildings for the moral regeneration of onlookers.

Maris Liepa is a wonderful Crassus (he's a superb actor), relishing every moment of his evil, a nervous tic playing about his mouth as he forces Spartacus to a blindfolded gladiator fight with a fellow slave, or holds orgies with the women slaves and plots with his cunning mistress (Nina Timofeyeva) to kill Spartacus. Mikhail Lavrosky was a bit heavy-handed as Spartacus, good in the places where he spurs the slaves on, but he is no actor and is unconvincing in his grief. Tiny Nina Sorokina (as Phrygia) is very moving in the *pas de deux*. She and Lavrosky manipulate some difficult lifts that would delight Jerome Robbins. She is carried upside down across the stage over his head by one arm, her hand on his shoulder, and then she hangs over his back, grasping her legs under his arm like a bow.

In 1956 the Bolshoi brought its current production of *Giselle* to London with Ulanova in the title role. It stunned the ballet world and other companies quickly began refurbishing their productions. This summer, audiences could make direct comparisons with the Royal Ballet which was performing *Giselle* up the road at Covent Garden. The Royal's version leaves the Bolshoi far behind. Peter Wright's production is livelier, the corps de ballet is better trained, the pace is faster, and the characterization more forceful. Peter Farmer's sets and costumes are prettier than B. Volkov's and he has bothered to give character to the royal party (the duke looks like Henry VIII), whereas at the Bolshoi they wear Robin Hood costumes and are surrounded by a plethora of spear carriers.

Both productions have peculiarities. In the Bolshoi "white scene," before the Wilis come out, their imminence is indicated by electric lights flashing out of bushes, and looking just like what they are. There is a moment of terror when Giselle (now a Wili) frightens Albrecht by swinging out over the stage like Tarzan, on a tree which we all think is falling down. The English, perhaps out of deference to their weather, allow their dawn to break through clouds from above and fall diagonally across the stage, rather than rise from the horizon.

It is ironic that it should be ex-Kirov ballerina Natalia Makarova who danced Giselle at the Royal. What a remarkable actress she is, flirtatious and a little bit spoiled in the first act, sad and expressive (she concentrates expression in her neck and back) in the last. She has that ability of melting all the steps into a continuous flow, never breaking the rhythm, yet rounding out the smallest movement.

At the Bolshoi, Natalia Bessmertnova missed Giselle's character change. In the first act she is no sparkling, gay peasant girl, but such a woebegone and doleful figure that it is hard to imagine what the Prince (Alexander Bogatyrov) sees in her. In the mad scene, however, she comes to life and gives an incredibly moving and vivid performance which leaves the audience red-eyed at intermission. She is superb in the last act—pale, beautiful, her enormous eyes cast down and brimming with sadness.

Alexander Bogatyrov seems much too nice to be such a cad in the first act, but in the second he gives a profoundly moving performance as the grief-stricken Prince. Tatiana Bessmertnova, sister of Natalia, is another young Bolshoi dancer to watch for. She is the perfect Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis, haughty, elegant, with lovely arms and a high soundless spring like that of her sister.

Ekaterina Maximova is a pert, sweet, coy Giselle and cries with the fierceness of a child when she is betrayed by Albrecht (Vladimir Vasiliev). Vasiliev, princely from the start with his elegant bearing, noble head carriage and classic profile, shows both the icy heartlessness of the philanderer and the anguish and pain of the repentant lover. He has a plain, sculptured, generous style, he understates rather than exaggerates a movement, and he makes everything he does seem natural. He finishes his turns with a precision that looks almost casual. He expresses deep feeling through breathing, concentrating the movement in his chest when his body shakes with exhaustion and passion for the dead Giselle.

Even Maximova and Vasiliev are unable to redeem *Nutcracker*. The production is lackluster, the sets and costumes look worn out, and there is little effort at characterization. It is simply a series of incidents held vaguely together by the music. Vasiliev and Maximova are not even allowed to dance their grand *pas de deux* uninterrupted, but must perform against a sea of corps de ballet waving electric candelabra.

Don Quixote has one magnificent and famous *pas de deux*, but as far as I'm concerned it is all we need to retain from this tedious ballet. The Bolshoi version is a faithful rendering of the one Alexander Gorsky mounted in 1900, with emphasis placed on "natural-looking" Spanish dances, toreador and gypsy variations to give authentic flavor to the work. But the dancing goes on and on without gathering momentum, and there is no drama. The actions of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are lost and pointless and the faint-hearted approach to the love story between the barber Basilio and Kitri fails to carry the ballet through. I much prefer the version Nureyev choreographed for the Australian Ballet where the adventures of Don Quixote, juxtaposed with the lovers' intrigues, are strongly defined. Natalia Bessmertnova is lively but mannered as Kitri and Mikhail Lavrosky's Basilio is dull. He is a reliable partner but an inconsistent dancer. He occasionally makes an awkward movement, sometimes his attack is harsh, but then he makes up for it by doing a very high jump or fast pirouettes —to which he may give a clumsy finish.

There is no doubt that the Bolshoi is still one of the greatest companies in the world. But the dancers seem to rely too much on blazing technical feats, big expansive gestures, to compensate for details and careful phrasing. Heaviness seems to characterize a Bolshoi production; the dancers are solid, pleasant, reliable, but not always graceful or precise. They lack the radiance and elegance of dancers in the West. The men as a whole are certainly better than in any American company I know. But if less stress were laid on deep emotion and acrobatics, and more on lightness and musicality, I think it would be to their advantage.

Clearly no amount of whining from the West is going to stop the ham-fisted censor from snuffing out new choreographic ideas, but if a more open exchange were allowed, both sides would benefit. If they can do it for outer space (which to me seems as foolish a venture as ballet does to some other people), why not for ballet? We have learned so much from Nureyev and Makarova since they joined Western companies. If the Russians would only allow dancers and choreographers to move freely among all companies we would all benefit. □

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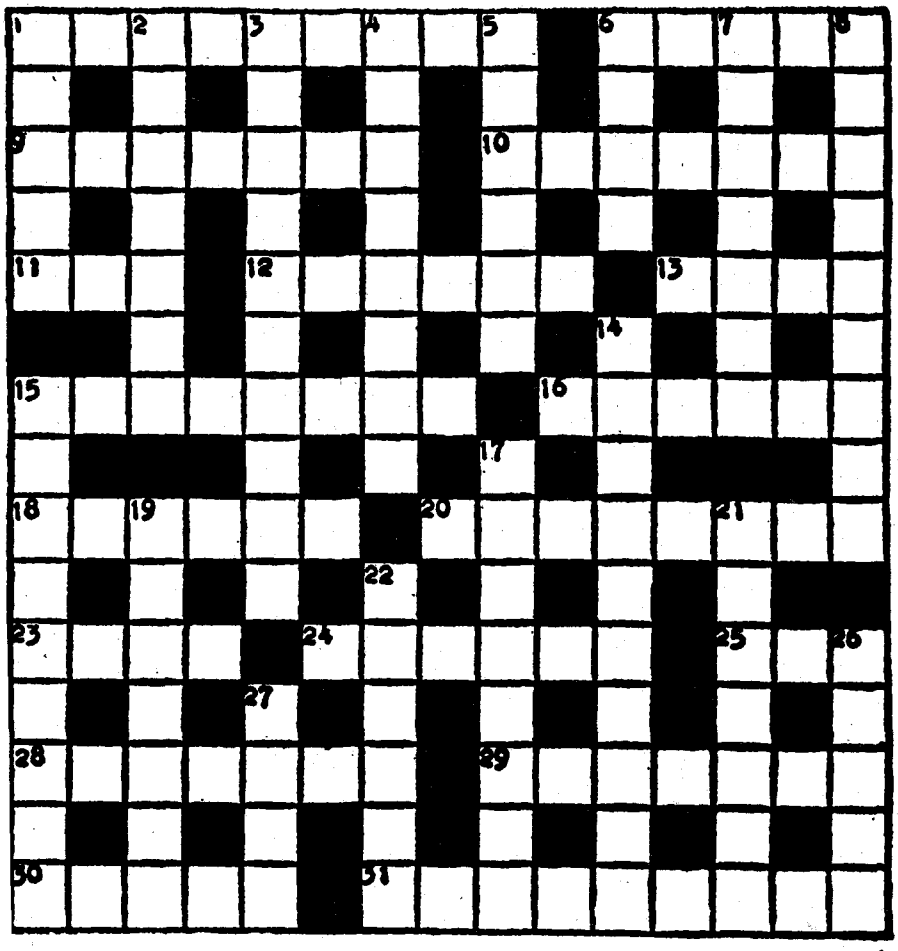
Crossword Puzzle No. 1551

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 Weapon used in a second burglary offense? (9,5)
9 Looking for 12? (7)
10 Two things the sun might be when it happens in Texas. (5-2)
11, 26 down and 12 across The possible object of 9 evidently doesn't have a member in Reno, or else is alone in having a 6 across. (3-5,6)
13 Inside information, perhaps obtained illegally. (4)
15 Sometimes they're batting, sometimes they're fielding. (8)
16 Makes a disturbing noise, though they might be holding fire. (8)
18 and 28 A friend sent on a problem that could be pure hell for the poet! (6,7)
20 Perhaps shot and carried out. (8)
23 One might take 13 to be an employer. (4)
24 On return, a friend got married, which is a hanging matter! (6)
25 and 22 down It seems the waters were up first, but eventually completely enclosed. (6,3)
28 See 18 across
29 It takes a sort of miracle to pick up the pawn, perhaps. (7)
30 What one sometimes pays for rings, sadly. (5)
31 A place in the country could be a passing fancy around a flowing stream. (9)

DOWN

1 and 15 down This plot development had two houses, but the title search should be simple. (5,3,6)
2 Conjunctivitis. (7)
3 A rather stupid X-certificate given, perhaps, left certain things obscure. (10)
4 Meant to be an old-fashioned bride-to-be? (8)
5 The most pungent part of the sugar-lick? (6)
6 Not the sort of rake found on the 31, usually. (4)
7 The end is sometimes marked by it. (4-3)
8 Said to be sent on without delay. (9)
14 The sort of price that's put on mixed spice would obviously be steep! (10)
15 See 1 down
17 One's search should be original. (8)
19 Wanting. (7)
21 Having the will to be so? (7)
22 See 25 across
26 See 11 across
27 Wearies. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1550

ACROSS: 1 Back-packs; 9 All-in; 10 Allocated; 11 Shellfish; 12 Indus; 13 and 15 As fit as a fiddle; 18 Peregrine; 19 Noses; 20 and 23 Light opera; 22 Promotion; 25 Aforehand; 26 Eased; 27 Anton; 28 Hollander. DOWN: 1 and 6 across Brass tacks; 2 Called for; 3 Panel; 4 Charivari; 5 Sylph; 6 Tactician; 7 Cited; 8 Sidesteps; 13 and 21 As pale as a ghost; 14 Tight rein; 16 Adenoidal; 17 Dismissed; 22 Peach; 24 Nader.

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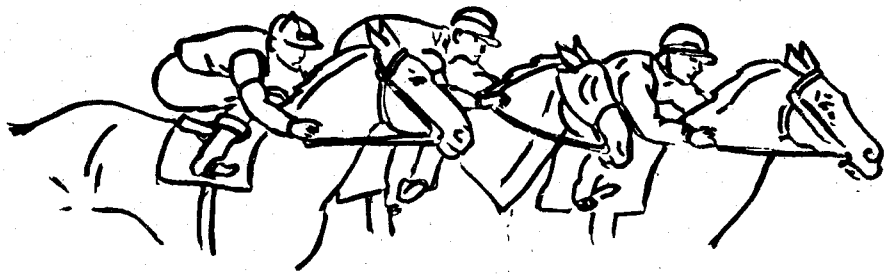

...and the others follow

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CASE NO. 1

May 28, 1973: The NATION runs Joseph C. Goulden's "Warming Up For Watergate" with 1962 as starting point.

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CASE NO. 2

Sept. 21, 1970: The NATION runs "Richard Nixon, Theologian" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

July 3, 1972: The NEW YORK TIMES features "Mr. Nixon's Theology" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

CASE NO. 3

Mar. 12, 1973: The NATION publishes a serious analysis of a growing trend, "Dinner Theatres" by Jerome Landfield.

Nov. 11, 1973: The WASHINGTON STAR-NEWS discovers dinner theatres in a piece by Nicholas Howey, "Whither Chowbiz?"

CASE NO. 4

Mar. 16, 1974: The NATION spotlights "Hawaii Without the Pineapple" by Mary Alice Kellogg.

Apr. 11, 1974: The WALL ST. JOURNAL's staff reporter, Herbert G. Lawson, covers the same story "End of an Era; The Pineapple Industry in Hawaii Sours"

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